

ON THE ROAD

BY

CYRUS H. KILBY.

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A FAMILIAR TALK

WITH

MY BROTHERS AND FRIENDS

BY

CYRUS HAMLIN KILBY

Author of "Binding of the Links"



BOSTON

J. STILMAN SMITH & COMPANY

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P R E F A C E.

KIND BROTHER AND FRIEND: In March I crossed the threshold of Riverside Lodge, in the thriving village of Merrimac, Mass., the last one of my long journey of several months. During these months of frosts and chilly winds of winter and autumn I have visited over three hundred lodges of the I.O.O.F., and exchanged fraternal greetings with many thousands of brothers of our Order.

It is with emotions of joy that I now turn my face homeward to mingle with family and friends after an absence of seven months, again to enjoy the comforts of home,—a name which charms the soul.

At the end of such a long journey, and at the close of so great an undertaking as I have been engaged in, it is wise and profitable to take a retrospective view of the ground travelled over, and carefully note the result of the effort put forth.

When I started, July 18, 1889, with the first

instalment of my little book, entitled "Binding of the Links: a Story of Forty Years in Odd Fellowship," it was on a venture. But my first years of experience in the Order had given me large confidence in my fellow-men. I did not belong to that class which believes that all men are selfish. My experience had taught me that there is a divinity in man which inspires him to lofty purposes and honorable action. I had learned from observation that the good have an affinity for each other, and that such associations as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows strengthen this affinity. With such views I had courage to start on my mission.

The success with which my efforts have been crowned has begotten within me a desire to engage in a similar work, that I may again meet and greet many of the thousands of kind brothers and friends with whom I had walked and held pleasant intercourse along the way.

Some of them I shall never meet in this life. They have joined their brothers and friends on the other shore. There will be others, whose faces and names are unknown to me, to take their places. The title of the book now introduced to your notice implies its true character, and the

narrative sets forth in a familiar way some things which will awaken in your memory scenes of the past and events which transpired under your own eye, and in distant lodges and communities where you have kind brothers and true friends.

I am not a stranger to you, and you need not be informed as to the object and fitness of my visit at this time. With these few lines I invite your attention to what appears in the subsequent pages.

C. H. K.

PEAK'S ISLAND, July, 1891.

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ON THE ROAD.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY.

“ Man’s is a weary pilgrimage,
As through this world he wends;
In every age, from stage to stage,
Still discontent attends.”

THE journey of man through life may be a long or short one, according to the number of years he is permitted to remain on the earth.

If he should live out the “days of our years,” threescore years and ten, the journey will be a long one, and the traveller must witness many changes. Many of the changes will be pleasant and profitable, bringing joy to the soul and comfort to the body: others will be fraught with disappointment, loss, and suffering.

To start out on a long journey in a strange country without first consulting a chart or following the leadings of a competent guide would denote a lack of good judgment.

The possession of three essentials is necessary to insure success in life; viz., correct judgment, confidence, and energy.

The man who adopts Davy Crockett's motto, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is the man who will succeed in his purposes.

To the mind of some persons whom I have met and conversed with, it is a small matter to write a book on almost any subject, and quite as easy for the author to dispose of thousands of copies, even at a small cost.

No person is better qualified to judge of what can be accomplished by personal effort than the man who has performed the work himself; and just here the author of "*Binding of the Links*" has a few words to say concerning his experiences as author, publisher, and salesman of the book, which has been placed in the hands of five thousand persons, mostly members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows residing in the New England States. Whether or not the writer evinced good judgment in engaging in such an adventure, — for such it seemed to be at the start, — the thousands of brothers who have made his acquaintance and perused his book will decide.

The author's many years of experience in life, and a fair understanding of human nature, led him to believe that progressive men, intelligent men, such as largely compose the membership of our New England lodges, would be interested in perusing the pages of a book bearing the significant title of "*Binding of the Links*," coming from the pen of one who had seen years and experienced

many solemn changes. With such prospects before me, and encouraged by the hope of success, I brought into action all the energy of mind and body I possessed to accomplish the desires of my soul.

The result of those months of hard physical labor and mental fatigue will be better understood by the reader as he follows me in my journey along the devious way.

CHAPTER II.

STARTING ON THE ROAD.

" For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive ;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive ;
And always and everywhere
We'll find, in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross."

WITH the hearts and hands of brothers everywhere open to aid me, it still required much talk, physical labor, and push to set the ball in motion.

It was journeying from city to city, from town to town, encountering difficulties, overcoming obstacles, being instant in season and out of season at lodge meetings. Notwithstanding that I had previously travelled over a large portion of Maine, my native State, and had many friends and acquaintances, it was often like breaking the solid ice to introduce myself and interest the brothers in what I regarded as important and belonging to the work of Odd Fellowship.

There were always some in every lodge and community to speak quickly, and utter in a few words—their acts corresponding therewith—more real Odd Fellowship than whole hours' loud talk

by him who said, “ ‘I go, sir,’ and went not,” but passed by on the other side.

There are hundreds of kind brothers and friends whose genial faces I bear in memory. Some of them seem near to me to-night while I am penning these lines. It was their encouraging words and deeds of kindness that lightened the ponderous burdens that weighed heavily upon me, and smoothed the rough road I travelled.

In summing up the result of my varied experiences in the light of pleasure derived and success in my work as compared with the hardships endured and losses sustained, the measure of the former overbalances the latter many hundred fold, and I am happy in the thought of again travelling the same and other new roads, even if I must encounter greater difficulties along the way.

CHAPTER III.

LODGES VISITED IN PORTLAND.

“ We meet to-night as brothers met
In days of long ago,
When Friendship was akin to Love,
For Truth had made it so.”

IT was on a bright July morning in 1889 when I stepped on board the steamer “ Greenwood ” at Peak’s Island in

PORTLAND HARBOR,

and crossed the water to the city, where I was to start on the mission which I had been preparing to engage in months before. At the head of Exchange street I was accosted by Brother Charles Paine, from whose press, pages of “ Binding of the Links ” had been issued during the summer months. He informed me that the book was completed and ready for my hands. The city papers and many interested friends had advertised its coming, which created a desire among the members of the fraternity to know its contents.

The author had resided in the city eight years, and was personally known in the surrounding towns. The history of his experience in the Order forty years was familiar to many of them. The younger members expected to derive benefit

by a knowledge of what one who had seen years before they came upon the stage of life had encountered.

Portland, Maine, was then and continues to be the head centre of Odd Fellowship in the State, and ranks foremost in the order throughout the New England States. With a population of less than forty thousand, it has seven lodges, with a membership of 2,784, five encampments numbering 1,580 members, and two Rebekah Degree lodges with a large and rapidly increasing membership.

What better or more inviting field for successful work could be found as initiative work for the author of a book dedicated to the cause of Friendship, Love, and Truth, the three cornerstones in the temple of Odd Fellowship? Brother Henry C. Bagley, then Grand Master, stood at the head of the Order in Maine. He exemplified by word and deed the sum and substance of Odd Fellowship. To Brother Bagley and many other kind brothers and friends I am indebted for the grand success I had in the sale of my book in that city, amounting to many hundred copies in a few weeks.

At the session of the Grand Lodge held in Portland, August, 1889, there was a large attendance of representatives, who greeted me with kind words and forgot not the "Days of Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER IV.

ALL ON BOARD.

BROTHER READER: I now invite you to accompany me on my journey. We will leave the "Hub City" of the Pine Tree State for a season. Our route is over the Maine Central Railroad to

LEWISTON AND AUBURN,

two enterprising manufacturing cities, separated by the Androscoggin river. We must board the train at the Union Station, the finest railroad station in New England, "so people say" and newspaper men write.

The rain is falling; but a little water from the clouds won't spoil our "store clothes" or give us the grip.

Ah, see! We have made the journey in quick time. It is just 10.30 o'clock. Let us walk down on Main street and enter the law office. Here is my friend, A. E. Verrill, a young member of the Androscoggin bar. He just donned the title of Past Grand in Old Androscoggin Lodge. This is a gala day with the people of the cities. There is an excursion to Fort Popham to celebrate the town of Durham. We will remain in the city a

few days, and visit the lodges on both sides of the river:—“Abou Ben Adhem,” and the old lodge before mentioned in Auburn, “Golden Rule,” and “M. and M.” on the Lewiston side.

Let us call round and say “good morning” to Veteran Past Grand Master John Read, now secretary of the “Odd Fellows Mutual Relief Association of Maine.” Here is Brother F. W. Brooks, at the drug-store on the corner. He is one of the old stand-by secretaries in Androscoggin Lodge. And there is Past Grand Master Geo. W. Goss at the bank, looking for us. See! There are one hundred and twenty-seven brothers, members of the lodges in both cities, waiting to shake hands and examine the contents of my grip; so we must move along sprightly and answer their calls, that we may catch the train bound for Brunswick *en route* for Bath and Rockland.

“No, we don’t wish to purchase the road and all the rolling-stock.” These words were spoken to the man at the window of the ticket office of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad at Bath.

The inter-State laws regulating the passenger tariff have not affected the scale of rates and the charges, which are somewhat in keeping with the rates of toll over a certain bridge “away down East,” where the toll-gatherer offered as a reason for the high charges that “teams seldom crossed the bridge, and when one did, the amount of money collected must suffice to pay his full month’s wages.”

After riding a short distance along the waterfront of the city, we cross the Pejepscot river on a steam ferry-boat, of sufficient dimensions to accommodate two passenger cars and the locomotive. The man who secures a seat at the start is a fortunate fellow, for the situation of the victim, and the effect upon his nicely laundried linen, on this hot July day, is as efficacious as thirty minutes in a sweat-box.

Well, we have got safely over the river, and more cars are hitched on. Away we go at a fair rate of speed. We stop along the route at Wiscasset, Waldoboro, Newcastle, Damariscotta, and Thomaston. Here is the State institution for men and women who "go crooked."

A short ride onward, and we arrive at

ROCKLAND,

where we see the smoke ascending from hundreds of lime-kilns.

The Lindsey House, kept by mine host Hill, will be comfortable quarters for the night. "Will" is one of the chain-gang fellows, a member of Knox Lodge, where we spend the evening.

Whom have we here in the ante-room, with eyes wide open and hands extended? It is my brothers and friends, Ripley, Colson, Simpson, Mason, and a score of others, preparing to initiate three candidates into the mysteries of Odd Fellowship. They

will go through their part in fine style, because they are interested in the work and have excellent facilities for executing it.

Brother Oliver Otis, the man who sells his opinions—that is, the Rockland "Opinion" newspaper for five cents a copy! We must not pass him by on the other side of the street. Never mind the dust—it comes from Mother Earth.

Brother Otis has a caller. It is Past Grand J. H. Sherman, secretary of Mt. Battie Lodge at

CAMDEN.

His team is at the door, ready for a start home-ward. Yes, we will accept his kind invitation to take a seat in the carriage and enjoy a pleasant drive of six miles, that we may sit among the brothers to-night.

It is the Ocean House where we make our quarters. The lodge hall is up on Main street, in a large new brick block. There is no work or business of special importance to occupy the time, and the Noble Grand gives up the meeting to the desires of the brothers. The time passes pleasantly in speech-making and exchanging friendly greetings.

At an early hour of morning the word goes round, "All on board the steamer 'Penobscot' for

BELFAST!"

What brings so large a number of people on board? They are going to Northport to the Methodist camp-grounds. It is the biggest day of the season at that place.

It is delightful sailing down the river — everybody is happy, and there is music in the air. It would do our soul and body good to go on shore and join the multitude in the exercises of the day, and rest under the shade of those beautiful trees. But we must continue on our journey to Belfast, and prepare for the great event connected with dedicating the Odd Fellows' magnificent hall. Grand Master Kimball and suite will be present.

See! We are nearing the landing. Listen to the music! Who are all those in showy uniforms on the streets? It is "Field Day" with the Knights of Pythias Uniformed Rank in Maine. There are two hundred and fifty in line. They make a fine display.

To-night Waldo Lodge holds its last meeting in the old hall, where an exciting drama, almost tragical, was enacted years ago; but the conflict ended in a glorious conquest by Waldo Lodge over the disloyal members of Belfast Lodge. There are forty-six members present to-night. The third degree is being conferred on three

candidates. Grand Master R. G. Dyer is in the van. His remarks on the history of the lodge, building the new hall, its dedication, and the events to take place on that day, are full of interest.

It is Tuesday morning, September 3. The sun shines brightly. Brother Dyer invites Grand Master Kimball, Grand Secretary Davis, Grand Marshal Pike, Brother Sale, editor of the "Odd Fellows' Register," the reader, and myself to a seat on a handsomely upholstered buckboard, drawn by a span of cream-white horses, for a drive about the city and a look over the camp-grounds at Northport; while the members of the visiting cantons, encampments, and lodges, numbering many hundreds, are forming on the street for the general parade. They make a fine exhibition in showy uniforms and bright jewels, while keeping step to the inspiring music of many bands.

We must make haste, or it will be impossible to get upon the floor to witness the dedicatory exercises of the fine large hall, for there is such a crowd in advance of us; but we can hear the words spoken by the grand officers, who are rendering the service in a very impressive manner.

It is near the close of day; the great event has passed, and the tired and hungry boys are rushing into the Coliseum building, where tables are laid for seven hundred and fifty people. The dinner is free — everybody is invited to partake.

The committee of entertainment say, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that the house and the people themselves may be filled." After they have all been satisfied, there are more than twelve basketsful remaining.

The Eastern Maine State Fair is drawing thousands of people to Bangor to-day. There is a jam and tumult in that city. We will keep away until Monday. Let us go on to

PITTSFIELD,

and stop with our brother and friend, Blackden. "Owen" will make things pleasant and comfortable for us Sunday.

Here is Brother Knowles, Noble Grand of Phlentoma Lodge, Dr. E. C. Bryant, Permanent Secretary, with Brothers J. W. Webb and J. A. Morrison, standing on the corner of the street ready to greet us. The town and the people are the same as when I visited the place months ago.

Doctor Dow, of Mapleton, in Aroostook County, is the popular clerk at the hotel this season. He will escort us into my old room, "No. 10." We have enjoyed ourselves grandly, and now the Sabbath day is drawing to a close, we will proceed on our journey.

The "Herald" train will arrive at the station

in a few moments. See! The cars are crowded with people going to the Methodist camp-grounds at Etna. There is hardly standing-room. "Camp-grounds! Camp-grounds!" exclaims the conductor. Every car in the long train is vacated. You and I, dear reader, have all the seats to ourselves. The conductor and brakemen vanish from sight to keep company with the "paper men" in the baggage car. It is on to

BANGOR.

Now we are jumping and thumping over the rails in these empty cars, stopping now and again to "fire out" bundles of "Globes" and "Heralds." Well, we ought to bless our stars that we have reached the "City of the East" without broken bones. "Hack! Carriage!" Here are four public conveyances in waiting to give We, Us, & Co. a second edition of jolting over the street pavements. No, thank you; we prefer to walk to the Hathon House in Market square. "Lew" is the caterer, as usual, and there will be no lack in quantity or quality of the substantial at his table.

Bangor is an Odd Fellow city. There are three lodges,—Penobscot, Oriental, and Bangor,—all having a large membership, and prosperous.

It will take several days to "do the town." I have scores of good brothers and friends here whom I shall be pleased to introduce you to. The

first on the list is our Veteran Past Grand A. N. Yeaton, then Past Grand Phineas Batchelder. Bangor was formerly the home of Past Grand Master N. H. Colton, now residing at Orono. Let us take a walk over the Kenduskeag bridge to the east side, and drop into the barber's shop, "Number 3," where Brother Packard is the knight of the razor. "John" will have a story to tell about the "salve," and will call in the boys for a general hand-shaking. He is science in giving a clean shave.

There is Past Grand John E. Booth. Why comes he here? He is not Booth the tragedian, but the man who makes moccasins.

We are ordered to stand and deliver up the contents of my grip, by a company of odd-looking fellows. Among them I see Henry B. Thoms, Leslie Kellen, "Cal" Jones, John Mitchell, O. D. Maddocks, and a host of others. If the situation becomes too hot for us, we will move out and seek refuge in Brother A. A. Nickerson's store, down on Exchange street. He can muster a small regiment who are plotting evil against helpless travellers on their way from J. to J. Here we are near the ferry-landing. Let us step on board the "Bon Ton" and cross over the river to the maiden city of

BREWER.

Are you tired by climbing the steep hill? If so, we

will step into the barber's shop near by, rest awhile, and have a chat with Brother George W. Mackay. George is full of Odd Fellowship, and can post us on all matters concerning the Order in these parts. Wildey Lodge meets to-night. We must be on hand promptly at seven o'clock. The motto of the members is :

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Russell W. Currier is Noble Grand. Exactly on the dot his gavel calls the twenty-one members to order, and business is dispatched with little delay. The hall has been newly fitted up and furnished since my last visit, three years ago. It is now a neat, cosey home for Brothers Nickerson, Libby, Brown, Farnham, Packard, Tufts, Banks, Burr, and others of the working members who are constant attendants at the weekly meetings. It is 8.30 o'clock, and the business of the lodge is finished. The guardian has performed the last duty of his office, and the brothers depart in peace.

CHAPTER V.

ON TO THE AROOSTOOK.

IT is Friday morning. The trains are bringing large numbers of people from the State Fair held in Lewiston the past week. Some of the excursionists are singing "Oh! be joyful!" and "We won't go home till morning!" "No, I'll be blowed if I go home on this morning train," says a fellow over there. "I'm bound to sell my ticket, and raise a dollar for a good time with my friends." Now is a chance for a small speculation. Let us see what he has. "Look here, Mister! Let us see your ticket. Ha! ha!" "It is for Presque Isle, away up in the Aroostook," he says. "Reg'lar price, seven dollars. Will sell it for one fifty; but you'll have to put it through by daylight to get there before twelve o'clock Saturday night, or it's no good."

Well, do you believe the *blowed* bacchanalian has sold me his ticket for one dollar fifty, good for a ride to Presque Isle, over ninety miles?

We must leave on the four o'clock train and stop over at

OLDTOWN

on the Maine Central Railroad. It has been a pleasant ride, and we are in the town before dark.

Ah! There is Past Grand Master E. W. Conant passing by. He sees us; he comes this way; he is here. "Brother Conant, can you direct us to an inn, a place of rest and safety for the night?" He invites us to a seat in his carriage.

Have we come so quickly? "Here is an inn, brothers." Surely the grounds, the trees, the hall, are familiar to my eyes. Brother Conant is pointing.

He says, "The door is open: enter, my brothers. My house is your home—enjoy its attractions and its comforts. Mrs. Conant is a Rebekah. She will entertain you for a while. Please excuse me."

Now that we have been refreshed by an enjoyable supper we will accompany our good brother to Tarratine Lodge. It occupies a fine new hall on the main street, built a few years ago and publicly dedicated. It is a profitable investment of money, and reflects great credit upon the projectors.

The hour of lodge meeting is seven o'clock the year round, so that the aged and infirm brothers may attend, as well as the younger members. There is no work or business of special importance before the lodge to-night; but the brothers are ready to fill up the time with interesting talk and friendly greetings.

I recall the faces of Brothers Noyes, Snow, Nas-
son, Swan, Emerson, Walker, Spofford, McCars-
land, and others, whom I used to meet in the old
hall on the hill.

It is Saturday morning. The sky betokens rain. Brother Conant is tapping gently on our door. He says, "Breakfast is ready." Six o'clock is not an early hour for travelling men to breakfast, when the train starts at 6.30 on an all-day journey.

It is not pleasant parting with kind friends in this hurried manner; but time and railroad conductors wait for no man. On we go at a moderate rate of speed. There is little of interest along the way to attract the eye of the traveller.

We are nearing Vanceborough, the boundary-line station between Maine and New Brunswick. Here Her Majesty's custom officials will demand an examination of all baggage going through her territory.

How is this? Our baggage is not among the lot. We hold the checks, but the careless baggage-master at Oldtown has neglected to put the grips on board the train. Telegraph back! Sue the railroad company for damages! That will be no use. A few books and a box of collars are of little account. But no train will leave Oldtown to arrive in Presque Isle before Monday noon. How dreadful! No changes over Sunday. Well, there is one consolation—the custom-house officers can't inspect our baggage this trip.

Well, here we start again. Who is that portly gentleman two seats ahead? It is Dr. Hathaway, of Presque Isle. He is enjoying a hearty laugh

I will speak a word in his ear, and see if he catches the meaning. "Yes," he says, "I'm one of 'em, and there are others on board the train bound by the links." We shall soon get a sight of fine scenery along the Aroostook river, cross numerous bridges, and pass "the falls."

It has been a long, tedious journey; but we are now at the station. The doctor's offer is a most generous one. He says if we will hold his little daughter on our knees while he drives the horse we may ride to the village, where comfortable quarters will be provided for the night, and on Sunday morning he will convey us six miles, to the home of my friend, Capt. S. C. F. Smith.

It has been a pleasure to hold the child, ride in the easy carriage, and see the sights along the way—all new and of interest to us; and now we are at the doctor's house, enjoying the hospitalities of his courteous family. We will take a walk on the street. It is early in the evening. Perhaps we may find some brothers of the mystic tie.

We have actually set our feet upon the "garden spot" of Maine. The village has a citified look: electric-lights, opera house, large wood and brick blocks, and people everywhere interested and active in prosecuting the vocations of their choice.

We cannot know unless we ask for information, so we will step into this "five and ten cent store,"

and see if there are any signs exhibited whereby we may know a brother. Yes, there are the three links on the proprietor's vest. It is Brother C. P. Purrington. How quickly and cordially he shakes our hands! Mr. C. E. Humphries and C. O. Perry, on the opposite side of the street, are also members of the order. They say, "The woods are full of 'em."

We will now retire for the night. Doctors are expected to make professional calls on Sunday as well as on other days, when people require their services.

Four miles on the road to

MAPLETON

to visit the sick and relieve the distressed is "a Sabbath day's journey," to be sure. But the Good Samaritan is commanded to perform humane deeds at all times. With a veteran brother in charge, who has seen years and experienced many changes, and the brother who has accompanied him on his journey thus far, it will not be an act of courtesy on the part of the doctor to drop us both by the roadside,—when we are so near to Captain Smith's house,—and return to the village, leaving us strangers to tread the rough way alone, without a guide. We have nothing to fear in that direction.

I can see from this hill a neat white house over

in the field beyond the store. "Doctor, I will venture a guess that that is the captain's home." "You have hit it right the first time, major. That is where the captain lives. He is standing in the front door." "You call me 'major'—I'm no military character, although I have scaled the walls of Jericho."

Ah, Stephen, my old friend! We meet once more, after a separation of nearly twenty-five years. This meeting carries our memories back to the days when the boys in blue went marching forward to the scenes of battle on Southern soil. You were among the brave who dared to do and suffer for your country's good. You are my brother, not of the triple links, but almost of kin—one of the dear friends I love so well.

There is no lodge of Odd Fellows at Mapleton; but we shall meet a number of brothers who are members of the order at Presque Isle, Houlton, Fort Fairfield, Patten, Caribou, and Washburn.

It will be a good plan to get the boys all together and hold a social meeting. We will elect Brother Edwin A. Smith, President; Albert Ball, Vice-President; Charles Hughs, Secretary; Oliver P. Smith, Treasurer; Brothers Ingraham, Carr, Twist, Dudley, and Jackson a Committee on Good and Welfare. The place for holding the meeting will be in Captain Smith's store, on some rainy evening. It will be a public meeting. The

captain and his son may be present. "Rex" will be appointed door-keeper. The question for discussion will be on growing potatoes and grain, making starch, raising stock, horses, and neat cattle, and shaving shingles. All these matters have a direct bearing on the existence and maintenance of Odd Fellow lodges in Aroostook County; for without them there would be no material for making lodges.

Having accomplished our purposes in this town, we must cover the ground that we travelled one week ago, and return to Presque Isle and spend the evening with the brothers of the lodge that bears the name of the village. The hall is over Brother N. J. Johnson's harness-shop. There is a good attendance to-night. Some of the brothers have come six miles to enjoy the meeting. Here is Brother Joshua K. Damon. Long years ago he and I were schoolmates in a small village in the eastern section of Maine; and here also is Brother Howard M. Dorman, a native of Machias, Maine, in the same county, a son of the late D. W. Dorman, for many years Registrar of Deeds.

Brother Reader, do you see any names among the members present that are familiar to you?—W. S. Kimball, J. J. Howes, W. C. Smith, George P. Dennett, J. A. Frazier, Alden Chandler, William Brown. This has been a very enjoyable meeting. We will now go with Brother N. J.

Johnson and spend the night at his home. Saturday we will view the town and note all points of interest. The day is waning. We have traversed a large territory and conversed with many people.

We are now ready to accompany Brother Damon to his home, a little way out of the village, to spend the night.

It is Sunday morning, bright and beautiful. We can enjoy the out-of-door air, and be entertained by the young Misses Damon with their music and singing.

It is in keeping with the sacred day to visit the last resting-place of those whom we have known and been associated with on life's journey. Here is a conspicuous white marble column within this enclosure, bearing a quaint inscription. I will read it. The letters were cut upon the stone under the eye of the man whose name stands at the head. It is characteristic of the old editor.

It reads: "Daniel Stickney. Born Nov. 25, 1804. Until 18 years of age, a farmer's boy, 25 years a mechanic and teacher of common schools, 25 years a lay preacher of the gospel as taught by David in XXIII psalm, by Jesus Christ in his Sermon on the Mount, by Paul upon Mars Hill to the Athenians, and in the XII chapter of Romans. For half a century a newspaper writer, and for 14 years proprietor and editor of the *Presque Isle Sunrise*. A Republican from his earliest recollection to the day of his death."

I read on the headstones the names of others whom I have met at pleasant reunions of the "Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association." But we can tarry no longer. The chilly north wind reminds us that the days are nearing the season of frosts, when thick wraps and mittens will be comfortable.

It is Monday afternoon. Brother Damon is at the door with his fine turnout — black stallion "Mohock" and top buggy. We are to give the members of Aroostook Valley Lodge at Caribou a surprise to-night. Quite a delegation from Presque Isle Lodge will start at a later hour and meet us at the hall. The way is pleasant, and let us hope that our journey will be safe. We have a twelve-mile drive over a beautiful section of the country. Cast your eye over the extensive landscape. There are no waste or uncultivated lands on either side of the highway. Green fields and large, tidy farm-houses occupy the broad acres. The soil is free from stones, light, and easily worked. These are some of the homes of the early settlers. They show what industry and frugality have brought to the pioneers in the wilds of northern Maine.

But see! We are entering the village. The hands of the clock on the church point to 4.30. Mohock has performed the journey quickly.

Here is the Vaughn House, a place of entertainment for weary travellers. Let us enter and take

some refreshment. Here is Hon. H. M. Heath, of Augusta, a member of the Kennebec bar, formerly principal of Washington Academy at East Machias. He is here on business connected with the Water Power Company.

We will now accompany Brother Damon to Odd Fellows Hall. Both the Noble and Vice Grands are on the sick list, and Past Grand P. S. Goud is master of the gavel to-night. The brother at my right is Past Grand T. W. Willis. He was a constant and interesting correspondent of the "Odd Fellows' Register" years ago, when I published the paper. The attendance is small, owing to the sickness of the officers, and because there is no business of importance to attend to.

We are invited to spend the night with Brother Goud. His house is up the street a little way.

Brother N. L. Johnson, a twofold brother of N. A. Johnson at Presque Isle, desires us to call at his store in the morning, that he may "show us the sights" about town.

The team is now in waiting at the door. We ascend this hill, one and three-fourths miles. Here is the stand-pipe. The water is brought one hundred and eighty feet from the river, where a dam is being constructed at a cost of \$30,000. The business centre of the village lies between two high hills. The river between them is spanned by a bridge. Along the banks of the river the caribou herded in the days when the red man

possessed the northern forests. Now how changed the scene! Where once stood the tall pines in an unbroken wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild beasts, appears a thrifty village, with thousands of inhabitants. Business in stores, shops, mills, and factories is booming; school-houses and churches are numerous; religious and educational institutions are ably supported; social and fraternal organizations contribute their part toward elevating and blessing mankind.

The train for

FORT FAIRFIELD

leaves at 2.25. We have little time before our walk to Brother Johnson's house for dinner.

Ah! Here I see Nicholas Fessenden, Esq., Clerk of the Maine House of Representatives and Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge I.O.O.F. He is *en route* for "The Fort." We will follow in his wake.

It is the meeting night of Pioneer Lodge. "Professor" Scates, C. E. Dinsmore, E. L. Houghton, B. F. Durgin, F. L. McDonald, and other active members of the order, are on the corner looking for us. They are curious to know who the "squire" has in charge. When they learn that it is a Past Grand who has served his time forty years as such, they take council together, and decide that the best thing to do is to

conduct him to the inn, where the door is open. The brother, no longer a stranger, is invited to enter. They speak a word to the host, saying, "Take care of him, and whatsoever you expend for his comfort we will recompense you therefor." Such, kind reader, is the story of the Good Samaritan in Aroostook County, Maine.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMeward Bound.

IT is Wednesday morning, September 25. "Up! Up! Breakfast is ready." It is five o'clock. We must "hustle" to eat our breakfast and reach the station, for the train leaves in forty minutes. "All aboard!" We have Mr. Carlisle, of Somerville, Mass., for our companion on the road. There is a jovial party on board. We are moving at "slow coach" speed. "Five minutes for refreshments at Newburgh Junction." Mr. Carlisle isn't going to "get left." He has brought his cup of coffee, sandwich, and doughnuts along with him from the table. "Had just time to step on board as the train moved away from the platform." We have had lots of fun all the way on the long, tedious journey. We are thankful that we have arrived safely in Bangor. We will now move on to

DEXTER.

Let us stop a few moments at the station and chat with Brother E. J. Sturtevant, "Sam" Hamilton, Dexter Nason, and some of the other "boys," before going up into the village.

Plymouth Lodge meets on Tuesday evening. We cannot remain in the town four days. We will look up the brothers on the streets, in their places of business, take a stroll down by the "Stone Mill," the "Brick Mill," and among the other manufacturing establishments. Dexter is a stirring business town, furnishing employment to hundreds of men and women.

Here is my old brother and friend, Past Grand O. W. Bridges. Dr. C. H. Haynes is in his dental rooms. He may be able to divert his attention for a few moments from the critical work he is engaged in. Moses, of whom we read in the Bible, is passing this way. He is looking very *meek* and good-natured. There are Brothers Roberts, King, Harris, Farrar, and others. We must speak a word with them before we leave town.

Brother E. M. Tibbetts, the undertaker, has kindly offered us a seat in his carriage for a drive about the village. Such friendly courtesies are appreciated by me, and most gladly we accept the proffered benefaction. Now we get a grand view of the picturesque town — those high grounds sloping toward the river, with beautiful shade-trees along its banks. The long distance from the railroad station to the business part of the town is an "out;" but the track is to be extended next season farther up into the village. Then a branch road leading to Dover and Foxcroft will be completed.

We have enjoyed the pleasant drive and "taken in" all the beauties of the town. We will now say good-by to our brothers and friends, and return over the road we came this morning and stop awhile at

NEWPORT.

Well do I remember the events connected with instituting "Old Hickory" Lodge, Number 104, on the afternoon and late into the night of December 7, 1883, in Masonic Hall.

We have to wait here for the arrival of the train from Bangor going west. We cannot occupy the time more pleasantly than by calling round and interviewing Brothers Young, Judkins, Wardwell, Marsh, Mitchell, and Bennett. Most of them are employees of the Maine Central Railroad.

It is nearing the hour of nine o'clock. The full, bright moon eclipses the colored lights about the station, and is "a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

Hear the whistle! "Newport! Newport! All aboard!" We are on the way to

WATERVILLE.

Everything about the not-many-years-ago busy town, now a booming city, appears natural to my eye. I am on old, familiar ground, among

brothers and friends with whom I have passed many enjoyable hours. We must not quit the place for a number of days, there are so many hands to grasp, so much to see. Let us walk down on Elm street and enter the harness-shop. Here is Brother Robbins. "Fred" is at his old business with needles and tools, executing fine work on leather and upholstery, stopping occasionally to sound a note on his "A1" cornet.

It is at Mrs. Spencer's house, a little way from Brother Robbins's shop, we find pleasant boarding accommodations. It has been my stopping-place during sundry visits to the city in years past. I "never go back on old friends."

Our best plan is to board the horse-cars and go two miles to

FAIRFIELD

village this afternoon, that we may spend a little time with brothers and friends before the hour of Fairfield Lodge meeting to-night. Here is our genial friend and Veteran Past Grand, John R. Foss, with Past Grand Ruckliff in the carpenter's shop near by. "You still live" are the words of their greeting.

It is evening. We will ascend these stairs near the entrance of the post-office in Odd Fellows Block. It is the same hall which I assisted in dedicating fifteen years ago, and where I have spent many an enjoyable evening since that

memorable event. Here we meet once more Brothers Bradbury, Kendall, Blackwell, Knowlton, Merrill, — good old Simeon, — Perkins, and scores of others, who are always at their post of duty, ready and willing to bear aloft the banner of Friendship, Love, and Truth. This evening's proceedings carry my mind back to the early days of my acquaintance with the brothers of Fairfield Lodge. We must now separate from our kind brothers and return to Waterville on the last car. Brother H. C. Hight and Ed. P. Mayo, editor of the "Journal," we will call upon "some other day."

What is going on in Odd Fellows Block, Waterville, to-night? It is Wednesday evening. Samaritan Lodge meets. Here are many of the same old company I have frequently met upon similar occasions: Brothers S. S. Vose, Chamberlain, Gilpatrick, "Billy" Smith, Stewart, W. I. and J. L. Towne, William True, Henry Williams, Davis, and Charley Dyrample. They are here to exemplify the teachings of the Bible as set forth in the Gospel of St. Luke, 10th chapter, 30th verse: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." Samaritan is the name of this lodge, and most assuredly the brothers are, or should be, Good Samaritans indeed! They hear and heed the cry,—

"O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all,
In tender accents born of grief and tears :
I pray you listen to the tender call!
You cannot in your selfish pride
Pass guiltless by upon the other side."

Our next objective point is

OAKLAND,

for many years West Waterville, eight miles from this city, on the line of the Maine Central Railroad.

Mr. Crosby Shorey, the veteran livery-stable keeper, has kindly offered us the use of a fine turnout — his family horse "Yankee" — for a drive over to Oakland village. Forty-five years ago Mr. Shorey was a contractor for carrying the United States mails, by four-horse post-coach, from Machias to Eastport and Calais, in Washington County, Maine, passing daily through Dennysville, my native village. He has always regarded me with kindly feelings, and, in token of his continued friendship, has conferred this generous favor upon us.

We will drive out of the city by "Crommett's Mills," and make our first stopping-place at Benjamin & Allen's shop. Here is Brother E. C. Blackwell, the first Noble Grand of Amon Lodge, instituted Nov. 2, 1882. Brother Blackwell has been in the employ of Messrs. Allen & Co. nearly twenty years. He was one of the

earnest workers in establishing the lodge in this village, and has always been one of its firm supporters.

At the first starting the lodge rented a small hall over a dwelling-house on the main street. The rapid increase in membership made necessary larger and better quarters, which were secured by reconstructing the old Masonic Hall in the brick block nearly opposite the Maine Central Railroad depot. The hall is fitted up in fine style and neatly furnished, each order sharing equally the expense. We will accompany Brother Blackwell, and take a survey of the interior of the hall. It is complete in all its appointments. There are a number of axe and scythe factories, foundries, mills, and manufactories, utilizing the excellent water-power on the river, and furnishing employment to hundreds of industrious and intelligent men who compose the membership of Amon lodge. We shall be pleased to make the acquaintance of some of them to-day. Brother S. C. Sawtelle is at leisure, and offers to drive us over the village and introduce us to any we may chance to meet by the way. Here are Brothers Stevens, Frost, Pride, Dustin, McClure, Fossett, Kelley, Lord, Parker, and a number of others.

We will dine and rest at Brother Sawtelle's house, and then return to the city. We are just in time to get on board "Jewett's train," and reach my home in Portland at 3.30 o'clock.

Brother Reader, you have kept close watch of me all the way on my long journey. You will now permit me to rest a few days at home. Then we will take a new start. Exit Reader—the door closes.

CHAPTER VII.

MAKING THE CIRCUIT.

OCTOBER 7, 1889. I have enjoyed a few days of rest among my friends, and am now ready for our other pilgrimage. I invite your company, Brother Reader. We will step on board the horse-car at the head of Preble street, Portland, go one mile to Deering, and stop at

WOODFORD CORNER,

where we meet Brothers Parkman, Sawyer, Hill, Lowell, Mitchell, Adams, Benson, and others, who are working this evening in Fraternity Lodge, instituted March 26, 1886. It is one of the active, prosperous lodges in the State, gaining rapidly in membership. There are a large number of brothers belonging to the order residing in Deering, members of the different lodges in Portland, who assist the new lodge in many ways. The important duties of innkeeper were performed at various times during the first months of the lodge's existence by a veteran Past Grand of forty years. The brothers frequently speak of "his way of entertaining weary and suffering travellers."

We must board the Portland and Rochester

train at the Woodford station. Brother Parkman will put us on the right track, and Superintendent Peter's pass on the road is exempt from Conductor Cleaves's puncher, so we are all right.

See! We have come five miles to

CUMBERLAND MILLS.

Here are S. D. Warren & Co.'s paper-mills — "the largest in the world." The buildings occupy over seven acres of ground. The company employ some eight hundred men and women; the monthly pay-roll is upwards of \$30,000; between forty and fifty tons of finished paper are shipped daily. Mr. J. E. Warren is superintendent of the mills.

Ammoncogin Lodge was instituted in this village Feb. 5, 1881. Among its active members are Brothers C. W. Mace, E. W. Ayer, A. C. Chute, 'Dud' T. Swan, C. H. Leighton, C. E. Holt, W. H. Hammond, C. W. Troy, and Edgar A. Durell. There is much of interest connected with the village and lodge; but we have no time now to devote to it, but must proceed on one mile to

SACCARAPPA,

a stirring village, now the city of Westbrook. We can take the train now ready to start. We are hardly seated before "Saccarapp'!" is announced by the conductor. In its early days

it was a lumber manufacturing place. There are cotton, woollen, and silk mills here, iron foundries, shoe factories, and numerous industries, furnishing employment for men and women. The people belong to that class called "jiggers," for almost every namable secret and social organization exists in the village. Among them is Saccarappa Lodge I.O.O.F., instituted May 24, 1844. It is the fourth in the State, having held its charter forty-five consecutive years. It has a unique record. The lodge meeting is Friday evening. We cannot stop over, but must proceed on to

GORHAM.

It will compensate in some degree for the disappointment and loss in not gathering with the brothers in the lodge-room to meet them on the street, where I have exchanged pleasant greetings daily for more than two years, on my rounds in newspaper work. Gorham is a classic town. The Gorham Normal School is established here, ably conducted by Professor Corthell. It is also the home of Hon. ex-Governor Robie, widely known among the "Patrons of Husbandry." He has held the highest executive office in the State. Gorham Lodge was instituted Jan. 15, 1883, and now numbers over one hundred and forty members. The names of Lowell, Hayes, Harding, Shackford, Coburn, Bolton, Summerside, and

McLellan are familiar to Odd Fellows who have spent a little time in looking up members of the order in that village. A cordial reception is given to all visiting brothers at the lodge.

We shall have a change at our next stopping-place, "Saco River" station — take the mail stage for a four-mile drive to

WEST BUXTON VILLAGE.

Before we undertake the tedious journey through the mud, we will walk down in this part of the town called

"BAR MILLS,"

and call upon Brothers Meserve, Locke, S. J. and C. H. Towle, and Palmer, at the post-office, Flint and Harmon at the furniture mills — all worthy members of Saco Valley Lodge. They reside so far from the place of meeting that they seldom have the privilege of participating in the work of the lodge, but they are ever ready to assist in advancing its "good and welfare."

Here we are on our way, closely packed between two women, our legs pinioned by the staring man on the middle seat. He answers to the name of gentleman. Perhaps the ladies judge him otherwise. The way is anything but pleasant, and there are fears that the journey may not be safe; but we will hope for the best. It is Wednes-

day. This is the evening of the lodge meeting. There is Brother Charles Hobson, standing in the doorway of his store. He beckons us that way. Brother James H. Towle, Noble Grand, invites us to walk over the bridge. What a droll name for a village — “Moderation”! It does not imply that the people “let their moderation be known unto all men,” but it is the sluggish moving of the waters onward through the Saco valley that gives it its name.

Manufacturing and shipping lumber is the principal business of the place. Buxton and Hollis are connected by the bridge we are crossing.

There are visitors present from Highland Lodge, Limerick, this evening. The boys are to have a pleasant entertainment. We shall make the acquaintance of a number of them. Let us break “the ring” that has been formed, and clasp hands with those that are extended towards us. Here are Brothers Bradbury, “Ed” Hobson, Barnes, Bason, Sawyer, Judkins, Partridge, Sands, Cobb, Smith, Goldthwait, Tarbox, and others. It is nearly six years since I met them all. It has been a good and pleasant thing to sit among the brothers to-night. We have enjoyed a hearty laugh, and helped to put away a portion of the delicious ice-cream and cake. Now come the good-night partings, and we hear the pleasant words, “Come again.”

The coach is at the door right on time—six o'clock. We have hardly finished breakfast. Here we are jogging along over the same old road to Saco River station. Our next stop is

SOUTH WATERBORO',

a small village. Smith's Steam Saw-mills, coat and pants shops, and farming are the resources of the people.

Enterprise Lodge was instituted November 5, 1880. It numbers one hundred and seventeen members to-day. The attendance at the weekly meetings is generally small. Many of the brothers reside miles distant from the hall. Should we be in the village some Monday, we should be likely to meet Brothers Thynge, Emery, Carll, Will. C. Thynge, A. H. Ricker, Guptill, Harding, J. Allen Smith, F. W. Littlefield, and F. E. Libby at their posts, conducting the business of the lodge. It is now the busy season. It will be difficult to find many of the brothers. We will go to the station; the train will soon arrive.

"All aboard for

SPRING VALE!"

Here we are — free coach to the hotel. Kept by Brother W. A. Lowe,—good quarters. We will walk about the village and see what is going on.

The shoe business must be booming. Three large buildings are going up. There are woollen mills on the river in operation.

My good brother and friend, "Ben," is not in his harness-shop. A gentleman on the street says, "Hamilton is sick — confined to his house." We will go immediately and see him. Glad to find him improving, with good prospects of speedy recovery. There are a number of brothers on the street — old acquaintances. I will introduce you to Brother Lord at the dry-goods store; Wentworth, the undertaker; A. J. Smith, merchant, many years Treasurer of Friendship Lodge; Chenery at the coat-shops; Frank Lowe, D.D.G.M.; Merrill, Butler, Dexter, Ellis, and "Charley" Hamilton. There are few brothers present at the lodge this evening. Too many attractions outside. It is good to retire early after a day of hard tramping. We will improve this opportunity to make up for the late hours in the past, and more that are to follow.

Our journey is onward. We shall shortly cross the boundary line between Maine and New Hampshire. Rochester station is the junction. We will change cars and take passage over the Boston & Maine line to

GREAT FALLS, N H.,

half an hour's ride. There is nothing of interest along the route.

Here is the city. Large brick and stone blocks. Manufacturing establishments appear at all points. We will defer our survey of the town at present. Cross the bridge here, and we get into

“OLD BERWICK.”

It is twelve o'clock. Now is the time to see lots of “the boys” at the shoe factory up the street. Yes, here are Guptill, Toothaker, Foy, Dow, McDonald, Hodsdon, Wakefield, Hutchinson, Dennett, Ford, and Huntress,— all preparing to take their noonday meal and enjoy a social smoke. This meeting reminds me of other days, when I used to drop in among the brothers; always finding them with open hands, speaking words of good-will and encouragement.

We will now call upon a brother and true friend who possesses a large heart. His deeds of benevolence and charity are many. It is Past Grand James L. Stone. Had I time I would recount to you the comfort and happiness I experienced in days gone by, while I was a recipient of hospitalities at his home. Brother Stone and his estimable wife have always been my steadfast friends. Their doors have been open to me, and the kind word “Welcome” has saluted my ears at every meeting. He is employed in the shoe-shop over the river at Great Falls. We will accompany him this afternoon. He has obtained permission of

the "boss" for us to enter the shop and speak a word with Brothers Clark, Winneford, Eaton, Merrill, and other members of Washington Lodge. The time of our permit is up. We will retire. Many thanks to the management for the courtesies extended. A few steps over the bridge bring us back into Maine. There are a number of brothers we can see before the meeting of Echo Lodge this evening. We will take Main street up from the post-office. Brother "Will" Rich is out of the office, busy on G. A. R. matters. He is a wounded man. "Uncle Sam" has given him attention. "P.M." stands at the end of his name. Here are Skillings, Cooper, Wilson, and Spencer. "Come in! Have a seat on the head of this barrel!" This is very kind in you, Brother Skillings, to give us the best chair your store affords.

The lamps are lighted in the hall. Brothers O. W. and F. M. Guptill, Bragden, "Tom" Knox, Wentworth, Eastman, Clement, and Robinson are here, wide awake and full of fun, as usual. It has been one of my old-time meetings to-night. Is it any wonder why the boys grow fat? Some of them show that they enjoy the good things of life as much as Jay Gould or the Vanderbilts.

We are told that "there is no rest," and such is our daily experience. We must go on, and still on, to complete the circuit of this journey.

It is at Salmon Falls, N.H., station we are

stopping. We have sufficient time to cross the river to

SOUTH BERWICK VILLAGE,

on the other side, and interview Brother H. A. Farnham, Permanent Secretary of Olive Branch Lodge. Perhaps he may spare the time to show us through the shop, where there are a number of brothers employed. Brother Farnham has examined my credentials, and kindly offers to show "the boys" the content of my grip. Many of them have known the Veteran Past Grand for years, and they give us a hearty shake of the hand. Brother Farnham says, "Follow me." Here we see Brothers Hubbard, Dudley, Hassey, Gillis, Edwin Farnham, Bredeen, Hemenway, and Ridley. These comprise the full number of brothers employed in the shops. They represent the material of which the lodge is composed — ready and willing to engage in any work that tends to advance the interests of Odd Fellowship.

This evening we shall have Brother William C. Butler for an escort. He will introduce us to Brothers Bailey at the bookbindery, D. E. and John A. McIntire at the hardware store. It is raining, and disagreeable walking about the streets; but we cannot meet our friends every day. Let us make our way through the crowd gathered to listen to the music of the band. "There is a show to-night." Brothers Joy and Murphy are here.

See! Brother Dodge has taken the last copy and labelled my grip, "Empty is the cradle." There will be a new supply at our next stopping-place,

NORTH BERWICK.

Here we are surrounded by a band of brothers good and true. Captain "Will" H. Austin, of Canton Columbian, P. M., and Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Maine, is at the head of the column, calling the boys into line on their march to Odd Fellows Hall, where they are to hold a reunion with the Veteran Past Grand. You, kind Reader, are invited to be one of the number. I will lean on your right arm while we are travelling the rough road.

Here are the rank and file. They step to the music of the band. "Fall in, boys!"

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| David Austin, | "Ed" Collins, |
| Fremont Allen, | L. H. Estes, |
| Charles Evans, | Fred. A. Estes, |
| J. Fred Neal, | Charles Goodwin, |
| George W. Perkins, | C. W. Albee, |
| Walter Small, | Dr. McCorison, |
| John Tufts, | James Austin, |
| Charles Tobie, | David Nutter, |
| A. J. Allen, 2d, | E. W. Adams, |
| John A. Sevey, | J. M. Estes, |
| George H. Cole, | Otis Littlefield, |
| W. B. Littlefield, | Edwin H. Grant, |

and a host of others. Listen to the words of their song, floating out on the clear air: —

“ Though o'er life's desert dreary
Like pilgrims still we stray,
We'll aid our brother weary,
And cheer him on his way;
Then if he fall beside us,
When kindness fails to save,
The evergreen of friendship
We'll strew upon his grave.

“ Our mission's one of mercy,
Our purposes are high;
We heed the moan of sorrow,
And th' needy when they cry;
We help the lonely widow,
And orphans in their youth,
And they shall bless the order
Of 'Friendship, Love, and Truth.' ”

This is a joyful occasion for the members of Eagle Lodge, Number 47, instituted January 20, 1875. To-day it is strong and prosperous, and the brothers bear proudly aloft their banner inscribed with “ FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.”

“ KENNEBUNK NEXT,”

says the polite brakeman. We will hie over the hills as quickly as possible, before the clock in the tower strikes twelve—the signal for the doors of the mills and factories to close, and for the workmen to go to their homes. Brother George

P. Lowell's bakery will be our starting-point. Moving down the street to Brother Andrews's office, there are tedious, long flights of stairs.

It is not always safe working our way among rapid-moving machinery, among buzz-saws, through foundries and places where men are at work every moment of the day "earning bread by the sweat of their brow." None of them pass us by on the other side. They all recognize the man who has seen years. "We should be pleased to take you by the hand," say they, "but can't stop. Call round later."

It is evening. A small company of the brothers stop a moment to exchange friendly greetings. They answer to their names — Gooding, Simonds, Garfield, Bridges, Hill, Gilpatrick, Meades, Richardson, Littlefield, Perkins, George R. Smith.

We are one day too late for lodge meeting. Must say good-by to "the boys." Have passed a quiet night at Mr. Hall's house. This morning we will board the train for

BIDDEFORD AND SACO,

manufacturing cities. Granite and Liconia Lodges are on the Biddeford side of the river. Saco Lodge, Number 2, exhibits, with laudable pride, the charter granted Aug. 31, 1843. Past Grand Masters Edward P. Burnham and Gorham N. Weymouth are two worthy representatives of the Order

in these cities. There are few earnest, active workers who enter into the true spirit of Odd Fellowship. To-day there is not exhibited much interest in lodge work, and the attendance at the weekly meetings is small. Upon the brothers here named comes the burden of lodge work in Saco: C. H. Towle, L. L. Peck, Hon. Wm. T. Emmons, W. L. Hasty, C. L. and R. E. Gilpatrick, George F. Owen, C. L. Berry, Charles Hersey, S. D. Ross, A. T. Lord.

The lodges in Biddeford partake somewhat of the nature of scores of other lodges throughout the jurisdiction. They make a good showing in their term reports, in number of members, and in invested funds, but are slim in lodge attendance. The sick are cared for by a few brothers who feel their responsibility to put into practice what they have promised to perform. Here are the names of a few such worthy brothers: C. H. Brackett, J. Etchell, W. F. Little, John C. Haley, Clarence Watson, C. E. Pillsbury.

Were it a few weeks earlier in the season we might enjoy stopping at the next station,

OLD ORCHARD BEACH,

and breast old ocean's surges upon the beach; but the thought of cold salt water sends a chill through my body. One hour's tarry at the noted summer resort will suffice. Any longer stay will

not turn back the season, or fill up the hotels with guests. There is no longer a demand for bathing-suits, and we look in vain to see the happy children engaged in these out-of-door sports.

Atlantic Lodge, instituted March 17, 1880, is located in this village, which was originally one of the wards in the city of Saco. The lodge has a small membership, and makes but slow progress. Brothers John Milliken, George T. Fogg, F. L. Cleaves, and Charles Gorham are the only members we can see to-day.

The many vacant seats in the cars remind us that the thousands who travelled over the road during the "vacation season" have returned to their homes, and we shall shortly reach the end of "the circuit" at the Union Station in Portland.

I will stop here and rest a few days before starting on a new route.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMONG THE SPINDLES AND FARMS.

OUR journey will be a short but pleasant one. We go over the Maine Central Railroad to Brunswick Junction, then change and make a quick run to

LISBON FALLS,

a thriving manufacturing village, with cotton, woolen, and lumber mills. Business of all kinds is active, giving employment available to all classes, bringing comfort and happiness to the homes of hundreds of industrious citizens. Worumbo Lodge, instituted June 25, 1884, located here, holds its weekly meeting to-night.

We will call at the mill and speak a word with Past Grand Thorn, editor of the "Village Observer." He can post us on all matters pertaining to the lodge and the Order in this locality. "Ben" is a host in pushing forward all good enterprises. His prophecies have been confirmed this evening. We see a larger number of brothers present at the meeting than he was confident there would be. We see before us many whose faces are familiar to me, but I am unable to recall their names. Many of them were readers of the

"Odd Fellows' Register" when I conducted that journal.

It will be impracticable to record the names of all the good brothers who have placed their autographs in my note-book. I will copy after the style of petitioners to the General Court praying for the adoption of some important measure, and head our list with the names of A. T. Bibber, George Beals, and forty others. They will all be remembered by us on our journey through life.

The lodge is composed of the best men in the community. We will look about the village this morning. We have a fine view of the town and the surrounding country from this high hill. "Making up the train!" We will soon go on board. It is three miles to

LISBON,

the first edition of "The Falls" in its business relations and the character of its citizens. Sabbattis River Lodge existed fifteen years ago. The lodge at the "Falls" is an offshoot from it. The gentlemanly "super" at the office has given us permission to go through the mills and interview any person we desire.

Brothers Elmer T. Smith, Noble Grand, and John Willard are rendering us valuable assistance in our work. The train does not leave until three o'clock. We have ample time to "do the town,"

for "the Boys" are interested. They are asking, "What have we here?" They are coming from the east, west, north, and south—Brothers Dixon, Sevey, Slater, Shaw, Spear, Webber, Ross, Patterson, and scores of others, to see and read for themselves. "Harry" Jordan and Frank Proctor are at the station, waiting to give us a "send-off" on our journey to

FARMINGTON.

It has been a pleasant two hours' ride. Here we are in the picturesque village—the old farming town of Maine. Many and great changes have been wrought by the fire-fiend in late years. To-day fine large brick blocks take the places of small wooden buildings. Inspired by hope and fortified by courage, the sufferers from the devastating flames have diligently labored and struggled to accomplish what our eyes now behold.

The resources of the people are largely from the products of the soil. The village has special natural attractions which bring many visitors from abroad, in the season of bright flowers and open-air recreation, to its enchanted grounds. Hotel Willows, kept by landlord Brother Will H. McDonald, is an arbor among the thrifty shade-trees on the hill overlooking the village. The "Chronicle," conducted by Past Grand J. M. S. Hunter, is the people's paper, and aims to pro-

mote the interests of town and country. The birthday of Franklin Lodge dates back to February 27, 1849. Brothers Gerry, Voter, Titcomb, and a small number of other brothers in the village, attend the weekly meetings, and perform their duties as faithful Odd Fellows. The membership is scattered over miles of territory. We have been royally entertained at Hotel Willows this beautiful October day. I recall my second visit to the village, April 15, 1888. It was on the day of my fortieth anniversary of initiation into the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. I received a pleasant greeting from the members of Franklin Lodge, also from landlord McDonald and the guests of his house. We will take the first morning train, and return over the route we have travelled as far as

LIVERMORE FALLS.

This is a busy manufacturing village. Every description of small wooden boxes, "knick-knacks," and divers articles are turned out and wrought by skilled workmen. The excellent water-power on both sides of the river is utilized. The first brother we meet is Past Grand David Cargill. As usual, he has the "State Year Book," insurance, and other important business to attend to. But he stops to recall the events of other days, and places us in the charge of Past Grand

J. W. Dunham, who is ready to conduct us about the village. There are a number of brothers at work in the mills. We can interview them during the working hours; but we must rely upon an experienced guide to conduct us over the labyrinthine path, through the mills, over the narrow bridge, and up the winding stairs. Livermore Falls Lodge meets this evening. The inclement weather has prevented some of the brothers residing out of the village from being present. The exercises of the meeting have been entertaining, made so by the words spoken by Brothers Thompson, Richards, Randall, Hutchins, and others. The railroad station is only a few steps from the hotel. We have time for breakfast before the first train leaves. Here is Brother J. C. Burbank, of Charlestown, Mass. He is Trustee of Bunker Hill Lodge in that city. We are to have his company on the train. Conductor Anderson has presented us with one of his "Chinese puzzles," which is good for a stop-off at

NORTH YARMOUTH

station, where we can spend the day with family relatives. The harvesting season is past. The products of the farm and orchard have not been abundant, but the large bins in the cellar are filled with choice apples. "Sam" and the boys spend no idle time from spring to fall. Whatso-

ever their hands find to do they do with all their might.

It will be a pleasant drive over to

CUMBERLAND CENTRE

with Henry, to spend an hour with Brothers True, Blanchard, Livermore, and Adams. We are nearing the end of our journey, having travelled nearly one hundred miles, and exchanged pleasant greetings with scores of brothers. Now we are "home again."

CHAPTER IX.

OVER THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD.

THE station is at the foot of India street. Our prospective journey is over a circuitous route, passing Danville and Lewiston Junctions, Oxford, Empire Road, on to

MECHANIC FALLS.

Here are paper, woollen, and cotton mills, shoe-shops, large and small manufactories of various kinds. It is a busy village in the town of Minot. Monami Lodge is located here. I have not many acquaintances in the village. There are some brothers on the street I used to meet when the hall was over the store, down town, years ago. I have not visited the lodge since '83. There is Brother E. E. Morton, standing on the corner. He can answer our questions. He says he will show us round the town after dinner. Here is an inn. We can attend to that important and pleasant duty of taking refreshment. Now we are ready to start out on our pilgrimage. It is our good-fortune to fall in with so agreeable an escort as Brother Morton. He is familiar with the faces and names of all the brothers of the mystic tie: Moulton, Devinal, Perkins, Barnard, Perry, Denning, and Lane. Here is my old

brother, I. A. Denison, who has had many years' experience manufacturing paper at the mills across the street. Brother Saunders and a number of "the hands" are returning from dinner. We can chat with them awhile before the whistles blow. Here are Brothers Noyes, Lane, Buckman, Farrer, Grant, and Briggs. We have just time to board the train on the Rumford Falls & Buckfield Road for

CANTON.

We are privileged to ride over the Rumford Falls & Buckfield Branch on this pass kindly furnished us by Superintendent L. L. Lincoln, the veteran railroad conductor in Maine. There are a number of small stations along the route, giving interest to the journey. Canton is a small manufacturing village. Well do I remember the events of the day and night when Canton Encampment was instituted some five years ago by Grand Patriarch Edwin A. Gray and suite. Anasagunticook Lodge is prosperous. A few years ago a new hall was fitted up and neatly furnished, in the brick block on the main street. Brothers Nathan Reynolds, Abner Shaw, A. B. Allen, Hiram Ellis, H. T. Small, and James Montgomery are among the leading members in lodge and encampment work.

We must not fail to take the early morning train to connect at Mechanic Falls with the train for

SOUTH PARIS,

the country of the “Oxford Bears.”

It will not be comfortable or conducive to health to travel these streets in a cold rain-storm. Perhaps we may see some of the members of Mount Mica Lodge passing this way. Yes, here are Brothers Fuller, Ripley, King, and Starbird.

We should be pleased to spend the evening with them at the lodge; but will have to postpone the meeting until a more convenient season.

It is one mile over the branch road to

NORWAY.

We can see the church-spire and tall chimneys through the trees as we near the village. Everything about the town comes familiarly before my eyes.

Yes, we will ride to the Elm House. “The Captain,” Whitmarsh, stands outside. He says, “How are ye? The door is open: enter, brothers.” Thousands of hands are busy to-day in the shoe-shops, foundries, tanneries, furniture manufactories, lumber-mills, and various other industries which are bringing wealth and prosperity to the people.

We will make our first call upon Past Grand A. L. F. Pike, Secretary of the “Odd Fellows’ Graded Relief Association.” We shall find him at the Nor-

way Medicine Company's office, dispensing the panacea for all the ills that man is heir to,— "Brown's Instant Relief for Pain." He will gladly furnish us with a letter of introduction to Keene Brothers, proprietors of the shoe-factories on Lynn street, where there are many brothers and friends.

Before starting on our walk we will call upon Brother "Ed" Ames, the veteran Treasurer of Norway Lodge, which has a notable history in Maine Odd Fellowship in degree work. We have had a lively tramp through the rooms in the shops, under the lead of Brother J. W. Crommett. He has called the attention of Brothers Nixer, Libby, Burnell, Sullivan, Bonney, and twenty-five others, to the links that bind us together in Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Here we will climb these steep stairs to the tannery and currying shops. There are a number of kind brothers at work here. The premises are not so tidy and attractive as some stores and workshops we have visited, but the money earned by the men employed is equal in value with the dollars belonging to the "bloated bond-holder." Brothers Crockett, Boynton, McCrillis, Cleaves, Leavitt, Green, and Devine can instruct us in the *modus operandi* of converting the hide of "the cattle on a thousand hills" into material for making men's foot-wear. Our journeying in Maine is at an end for a while. We will cross the State boundary and pass through a portion of New Hampshire.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD BAY STATE.

IT is November 5, 1889, a beautiful, bright day. The journey over the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad has been an enjoyable one. We have had the company of old acquaintances on the way. The train is now entering the tunnel under the street. We shall soon be at the station. It is

SALEM,

a historic town long years ago in the ancient “days of witchcraft.” We have some hours of daylight before us to look about the city. We will drop into City Hall, and see some of the brothers, my old acquaintances in former days. Here are Hon. John M. Raymond, mayor of the city, J. Archer Hill, H. J. Loud, and W. S. Nevens, city representative of the Boston “Herald.” If we can find out the whereabouts of my good brother “Moses,” we shall be all right. He is known by everybody in Salem. Visitors to Essex Lodge and Naumkeag Encampment will find the veteran Past Grand Sibly interested and busy in all matters pertaining to the good and welfare of the

Order. He has held for many years the office of Deputy Grand Sentinel of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts.

The old saying, "He is always near whom you are talking about," is true in this instance, for here comes Brother Sibly up the street. He is a professional nurse for sick brothers of the lodges. I will introduce you to him. "Brother Sibly, this is Brother Reader—one of the five thousand readers of 'Binding of the Links.' He has a few words to speak. Listen attentively to what he may say."

Our good brother has kindly offered to show us about the city and introduce us to members of the Order.

Essex and Fraternity Lodges are located here. The former numbers three hundred and ninety-two members, the latter three hundred and thirty-six. Union Lodge Daughters of Rebekah has a large membership and is prosperous.

We shall find Past Grand N. A. Verry at the bank; Brothers Dennis, J. B. Gifford, Perry, Collier, and George H. Stickney at their places of business on the street. Hundreds of others Brother Sibly will direct us to, if we have the time and ability to look them up.

It is election day throughout the State. We shall have an opportunity to witness the Australian form of voting.

Salem is an Odd Fellow city. It will require a

number of days to canvass it. Brothers Dennis and "Henry" (deaf-mute) have kindly invited us to make their office our headquarters.

There will be a large attendance at Essex Lodge to-night. Past Grand Representative R. R. Gifford is to entertain the members with an account of his journey to Denver, the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and give a vivid description of the sights about Johnstown, Pa., in the region of the Conemaugh disaster. His visit to the Odd Fellows' Home in Philadelphia will awaken a lively interest in the minds of the audience.

There is easy and frequent communication with all parts of the city and adjoining towns. We can divide up the time profitably and "be in different places at the same time," as Artemus Ward put it. The Naumkeag Street Railway extends through

PEABODY.

It will be a pleasant drive this afternoon. We can stop at Past Grand Wm. F. Sawyer's store and chat awhile with him, then proceed on to the home of Brother and Sister Buxton. We have been kindly entertained by my old friends: now let us go to Warren Hall. Here are Brothers of Houlton Lodge: McDonald, Bancroft, Forest, Newhall, Saunders, and a host of the boys I used



to be acquainted with. There is no work before the lodge to-night. We will return to Salem at an early hour, and come again "some other day" to spend more time with the people. There are scores of brothers on the street whose names were familiar to me years ago, when I addressed copies of the "Odd Fellows' Register" to them. I know they will not object to placing their autograph in my book among the thousands which I have obtained in my travels.

Before leaving the town we must call at the Peabody Institute and speak a word with Brother John McKeene. He will take pleasure in showing us through the building, the public library, and interest us with the beautiful and valuable gifts presented by the great philanthropist, George Peabody, for whom the town was named. It will be a pleasant walk through Harmony Grove to view the resting-place of the remains of Mr. Peabody. There are a number of beautiful burial lots of the old families of Salem. Brothers Floyd and Teague have charge of the grounds. They are very courteous to visitors.

It is Wednesday. Fraternity Lodge at Salem meets this evening. Here are Brothers Edwards, Winpage, Dayton, Fowler, Clough, Newell, and Symonds. Brother Winpage has been guardian of the outer door many years. He is a faithful officer and a worthy member of the Order. There will be no better time to visit

BEVERLY

than now.

Bass River Lodge meets on Saturday evening—not a convenient night for visitors. We shall see quite a number of the brothers at the shops between working-hours. The first one to look up is Brother Daniel S. Ingersoll. We must make our calls social, as we shall not meet the brothers at lodge. I will introduce you to each brother personally: Brother Stevens at the bank, Harmers and Ober at the Town House, Ezra Stanly, the veteran Secretary of Bass River Lodge, in the shoe-shops, with Brothers Woodbury, Eldridge, Arrington, Griffin, Grant, Clement, Clayton, and a number of others. We are glad to meet these brothers and old acquaintances, and hope at some favorable time to enjoy an evening with them in the lodge-room, where I spent a pleasant hour some six years ago. We will now say good-by to "the boys," take the next car for Salem, and go on to

LYNN.

The shoe and other business in the city is dull. "Taking stock" is the order of the day. The employees will have but little steady work until after the holidays. I will inquire and find out the whereabouts of my old brother and friend, Eben

K. Storer. "They say" if we call at 130 Market street we shall find him. "They say" is right this time, for here he is at the cutting-board, looking just as natural as life; and here also is Brother Charles W. Fogg, Secretary of Richard W. Droun Lodge for many years.

To-morrow we will have a look about the city among the "men of soles." Step on board of this street-car with me, and ride to Oakwood avenue. It is quite a long way out of the city, but it will be a pleasant ride this beautiful morning. Here we are at the entrance of the avenue. A few steps farther on is W. D. Sprague & Company's shoe-factory. I will inquire at the office for the person I am looking for. Here is the man himself, Past Grand James L. Bryant, of Richard W. Droun Lodge. This is our first meeting after an absence of five years. To Brother Bryant I am largely indebted for my success in obtaining upwards of three hundred subscribers to the "Odd Fellows' Register" when I visited this city in 1882. Brother Bryant will remember me, I know; but he acts strangely when I address him and speak my name. "I read," he says, "a notice of your death in the papers some years ago; but I am glad it was an error." Well, let that pass, my good brother. I am Kilby, just the same, and it is he that speaketh to you.

"James, please make my companion here ac-

quainted with your fellow-workmen." "Here are Brothers Clough, Phinney, McCann, Gorham, Putnam, Pratt, and several others. There are not many at work to-day."

I have many kind brothers and friends among the large membership of Odd Fellows in Chelsea, with whom I have taken pleasant counsel in years gone by. I should greatly enjoy visiting the city, and mingling once more with the brothers in their lodge meetings.

We will start on the way to-day. It is December 2 — cold and disagreeable weather; but we shall not be exposed in the warm cars. We go by rail over the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad to Boston, and take the street-cars. They pass directly by Past Grand C. J. Tinkam's office, 180 Broadway. We have made the journey quickly and comfortably. Brother Tinkam is not in his office; we will wait awhile. I see him on the opposite side of the square. He comes this way. He is here. He says: "Give me the grip of your hand, brothers!"

"Hail, brother Odd Fellow! I welcome the man
Who has three links as a sign,
And greet you in friendship as one of a band
In brotherly covenant joined."

I have enjoyed an agreeable acquaintance with Brother Tinkam over seven years: First, through the columns of the "Odd Fellows' Register," and

later in seasons of social intercourse in the room we are now occupying. He has ever been a kind and considerate brother and true friend. He desires to place his autograph in my book. See! He hands me a card with the names of some of the brothers on the street whom we may call upon: Past Grands Otis Merriam, Jr., Thomas Addison, E. H. Warren, D. S. Turner, George W. Perkins, J. W. Carr, Watkins, Howard, and Past Grand Master John U. Perkins.

At the meetings of Winnisimmet and Mystic Lodges we shall meet a large number of the brothers. The cold rain will interfere with our plans for the remainder of the day. The adage "A poor beginning makes a good ending" may be true in our experiences among the Odd Fellows of this city.

We will thank our good brothers for their many favors, and depart.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE HUB."

"I love the road to Boston, the Boston road I know,
And murmuring 'Boston, Boston,' to Boston he did go;
Hail, holy Boston, Boston dome, and Boston all things
prime,
'Tis Boston, Boston, first and last, and Boston all the time."

J. B. Wiggin.

WE shall find scores of courteous brothers and kind friends at the metropolis. Odd Fellowship and kindred fraternal organizations are numerous. They existed long years ago, when man asked his fellow-man, "Who is my neighbor?"

HEADQUARTERS IN THE CITY.

Before we start on our travels about the city, we should secure a home, comfortable quarters where we can rest when the day's work is ended. Let us move on from the Eastern depot up Staniford street into Cambridge, and take the first right. Here we are at No. 13 Bowdoin street. The name on the door-plate reads "L. M. Boise." The lady who answers the bell is Miss Laura M., daughter of our brother, Past Grand Lewis D. Boise, a veteran member of Warban Lodge, Newton. He has not only seen years and

witnessed many solemn changes, but his afflictions in his old age have been many and grievous. His eye brightens and he is all animation when he recalls the bygone days of health, prosperity, and social enjoyment.

We cannot do better than to abide under the same roof with one who has trod the highway of life for more than threescore years and ten. We will settle the matter now, and make Brother Boise's house our home and headquarters while we remain in the city. Here our friends will find us.

ODD FELLOWS HALLS.

The grand objective point of Odd Fellows lodge and encampment meetings is the beautiful white marble building, No. 515 Tremont, corner of Berkeley street. There are three lodge-halls fitted up and furnished in fine style for the accommodation of the lodges.

Covenant Hall is occupied by Massachusetts, Unity, Tremont, Siloam, and Franklin Lodges; Friendship Hall is occupied by Washington, Oriental, and Herman Lodges; Oasis Hall is occupied by Montezuma, Boston, Commercial, and Commonwealth Lodges.

The meetings of the Rebekah lodges are held in these halls.

The encampments and grand lodges occupy halls on the fourth floor of the building. Ameri-

can Hall, No. 724 Washington street, accommodates Covenant, America, and Shawnuit Lodges. Ancient Landmark Lodge occupies its own hall, No. 3 Boylston place. Suffolk Lodge meets in Elks Hall, at No. 24 Hayward place. Bethesda Lodge, South Boston, owns a beautiful large block on Broadway, corner of F street. Hobah Lodge, in that part of the city, occupies a small hall on the corner of Dorchester and National streets. Eastern Star Lodge, East Boston, meets in its hall on the square, in the large brick block. Warren Lodge, Roxbury, occupies a hall at No. 10 Warren street. Putnam Lodge is at Putnam Hall, in Paine's Block, 1165 Tremont, corner of Ruggles street. Nonantum Lodge, Allston, has a fine large hall in the National Bank Building, near the railroad station. Norfolk Lodge Hall, Dorchester, is on Bowdoin street. Dorchester Lodge meets at Lower Mills; Mount Pleasant Lodge at Upham's Corner. Neponset Lodge Hall is in the brick block near the railroad station, Neponset village. Quinobequin Lodge, Jamaica Plain, occupies the hall in the brick block opposite the railroad station. Daniel Hersey Lodge, in the same village, meets in Royal Arcanum Hall, on Main street. Bunker Hill, Howard, and Olive Branch Lodges, Charlestown, occupy Odd Fellows Hall in the Bank Building, No. 25 Main street.

All the halls we have entered are within the city of Boston limits. It has cost us many miles

of travel and tedious climbing up long flights of stairs; but the great object of our mission will not be accomplished until we have occupied seats among the members of the lodges who assemble from week to week, and exchanged friendly greetings with the brethren. With such a comprehensive work before us, it will be necessary to map out our weekly routes.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE ORDER.

To be set right at the start, let us ask counsel of men of wisdom and experience in matters pertaining to the Order in Boston and vicinity. First among these is the venerable Grand Secretary, Brother Charles D. Cole, who has a full and correct knowledge of the rise and progress of nearly every lodge in the State. He is a cyclopædia of Massachusetts Odd Fellowship. Besides Brother Cole, we will interview other high officials of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment doing business in the city. We may have further opportunity to consult them at the meetings of their respective lodges. I will introduce you, my brother, to those with whom I have had a personal acquaintance in years past.

Here are Brothers James M. Price, Grand Instructor; William Marble, P. G. M.; Thomas C. Porter, P. G. M.; Horace W. Stickney, P. G. M., at Lawrence, Wilde, & Company's store, Cornhill;

Wm. E. Ford, P. G. M., at the Public Library building; Corliss Wadleigh, P. G. M.; Charles Hayden, Grand Treasurer; John U. Perkins, P. G. M.; Francis E. Merriman, P. G. R.; Freeman O. Emerson, Grand Sentinel of the Grand Encampment; John P. Loring, John H. Locke, and our highly respected veteran, Brother Horace Dodd, now past his eighty-sixth birthday. We will rest here beside him, at No. 130 Milk street, for a while, and converse with our aged brother. Listen to the words of wisdom he utters. His form is bent, and his brow wrinkled. You, my brother, have heard the words which are falling from his lips many a time. He desires to place his autograph in my book. Here it is in a plain, bold hand: "Horace Dodd,—Nov. 21, '89. 86 years, 6 Months."

We have received much valuable information from these brothers, and are now prepared to make our way through the city.

It will be well to devote a portion of the time to day work, making the acquaintance of brothers at their places of business, where it will not be violating the rules of the establishment. I have found in my travels some proprietors who are members of the Order, kindly disposed towards one like myself, bound by the links, so I have adopted the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing have." We will venture to ask permission to "speak to that young man."

IN THE MARKET-PLACES.

It is drawing near the holiday season. The men attired in long white frocks and aprons in the market-stalls are rushing business. It may be interesting to walk through Faneuil Hall and Quincy Markets, and see what is going on. Everything looks neat and clean. Here are beef, pork, lamb, mutton, veal, poultry, butter, lard, cheese, vegetables, fruit, etc., etc. The hands of the big clock point to 10.30. This is the busy hour for caterers and customers. Men and boys are moving in every direction. Cut, saw, weigh, pack, and deliver. See the long line of people, with baskets in hand, entering at one door, pressing and crowding their way through the building, with eyes turned to the right and to the left, to see and get a share of the choice eatables. Those fancy-cut roasts and sirloins would tempt the most delicate appetite. Boston markets are ample, and meet the demands of its "good livers." See! That man in stall Number 77 is holding out a card. He desires you to take it. What are the words written upon it? Please read them to me.

"Whatever your name and where'er you are found,
North, south, east, or west in our nation,
We offer to you an Odd Fellow's hand,
And an Odd Fellow's congratulation."

This means for us to call round for a little chat with Brothers Dillaway, Hall, Huntress, Richard-

son, Herne, Lawrence, and Rollins when they are off duty at noon hour. It is pleasant to make the acquaintance of such genial brothers as these, when among strangers in a crowded city. It was the three links cut from the golden chain that attracted the brother's attention and bade him extend to us this friendly greeting.

The names and words of good-cheer uttered by those true brothers and friends shall have a place on the pages of my book, to be remembered so long as my life lasts.

There is a striking contrast between the real character of such men, who sometimes show a rough, unseemly exterior while they possess a good, true heart within, and those who carry smiles and sunshine on their faces, but at heart are lacking in manly principle. The homes of the two may be closely joined on the same lot; but an ugly barbed fence prevents crossing the line.

There are hundreds of genial souls in this big city whose pleasant smiles and friendly acts would smooth miles of life's rough highway. Such persons would most gladly "lend a hand" to aid us in our work.

There is a way to find them out. We will inquire of Brother Eugene H. Newhall, at the American Express Company's office on Franklin street. He can give us a start. Here he is at his desk, busy as usual, but lays his pen aside to ask: "What can I do for you, my brothers?" "We

want to be put on the track of earnest, interested Odd Fellows." "I am," he says, "one of them—a member of Harmony Lodge, Medford.

"THE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM."

We will spend a little more time looking about the city before we "flee to the woods."

Brother Newhall has furnished me with a list of the names of "the boys" whom he knows to be all right "on the links." We will start out on the look-up. The first name on the list is Nahum Chapin. Then come Edwin Rollins Cobb, W. F. Curtis, F. H. Mudge, grandson of the late Alfred Mudge, Grand Secretary, C. L. Frizzell, J. E. Davis, Kilburn Bills, Newton A. Hoak, C. H. Murch, at No. 119 Atlantic avenue,—he is near akin to me by marriage,—H. E. Gilmore, O. A. Bridgham, formerly of Canton, Me., D. W. Webber and C. W. Patten, both formerly of Skowhegan, Me., J. W. Noble, formerly of Houlton, Me., James Folsom, Samuel L. Hodges, C. G. Kellogg, Wm. A. McCrillis, Calvin W. Sawyer, and E. P. Dunham. Brother Newhall says he could write the names of hundreds of members of lodges in Boston and vicinity; but it will be much less trouble, and expedite our work better, for us to attend the lodge-meetings, where we can see the brothers at their leisure. They will be pleased to make our acquaintance, and will inter-

est themselves more readily in the “ Binding of the Links ” than if they are interviewed at their places of business. We will act upon the wise suggestion of our good brother, and look after

VISITING LODGES.

Three lodges meet on Monday night, five on Tuesday night, two on Wednesday, three on Thursday, and three on Friday. To “take in” all these meetings will consume four weeks, every night out excepting Saturday.

We might sample the lodge-meetings at “ Odd Fellows Temple,” go the rounds of lodges in session each evening, drop in between acts, and get a general idea of the manner of conducting business, note the proficiency of the officers in ritualistic work, “get a point” on the paraphernalia and dramatic rendering.

As a rule, you will find, my brother, strangers from abroad do not get so much enjoyment out of visiting lodges in large cities as in towns and villages. There appears to be a lack of sociability among city members in most organizations. The chief corner-stone upon which our Order has securely reposed for over seventy-two years embodies acts of courtesy and hospitality. In many instances the accumulation of wealth, magnificent halls, and showy paraphernalia constitutes the grand object of lodges and encampments.

Having entered the circle of all the city lodges, we may be allowed to judge of the genius that composes their membership. To most rules there are exceptions. With slight exceptions we are happy in the thought that but few "black sheep" have been admitted into the fold, among nearly four thousand members.

We will return thanks to the hundreds of brothers of the different lodges for their kind words and friendly acts. Their autographs will be a pleasing reminder of the happy hours we have passed among them.

There is one lodge I wish to call your attention to, my brother. That is Hermann, Number 133. Did you notice that our German brothers gave us special attention? How intrestedly the officers engaged in the initiatory work! We could not understand the language; but the work was as plain as A, B, C. Quite laughable — wasn't it? — to be asked for "a speech" for the entertainment of Henry Mias, William Sonntag, Welkem Bros-gell, Michland Gilplis, Alfred Boll, Conrad Myers, George C. Harp, H. Flister, William Heplig, C. R. Reinhardt, Frank J. Wagner, and others, whose dialect was babel to us! They gave us an attentive ear, and demonstrated their appreciation of our utterances.

There are many pleasing incidents connected with our visits to the Boston lodges which we might manufacture into ante-room and social-

circle narratives to entertain our brothers and friends on an “off night.” But we must go on. There are yet numbers of lodges in the near vicinity of Boston. We want to “take in” the

LAST RIDE ON THE OLD COACHES.

“Variety,” they say, “is the spice of life.” The various modes of conveyance in Boston allow visitors who “pay their money” to “take their choice” of nicely upholstered coupé, hackney-coach, herdic, horse-cars, steam-cars, and lastly the “bus.” The tariff of prices is graded according to the number of wheels and style of vehicle employed. This is the last day of the ‘bus line between Boston and

CHARLESTOWN.

There is to be a grand exhibition of dramatic work in Olive Branch Lodge, assisted by the members of Howard and Bunker Hill Lodges “degree team,” this evening. Eight candidates are to be instructed in the mysteries of the second degree. We have a kind invitation from Brother W. W. Rich, Secretary of Olive Branch, to be present. This is a fine large hall. The paraphernalia is magnificent. It is owned in common by the three lodges. There are a large number of visitors present — representatives of city and

country lodges. The work has been rendered in a manner highly creditable to the proficient "degree team."

Yes, we will come round and see how "the boys" of Howard and Bunker Hill perform, some of these fine evenings. We came to the Monument City in the "'bus"—four-cent fare. With the setting sun of Dec. 16, 1889, ended the faithful services of weary men and worn-out horses on the old line. They are gone! gone! to return no more.

SOUTH BOSTON

is easy of access, by horse or steam cars. The latter will accommodate us best. We will call at Lawrence, Wilde, & Company's furnishing-store, Cornhill, and Brother Horace W. Stickney, P.G.M., will post us on the route. Here comes Brother Stickney down the stairs. He is busy with customers, but will come this way very soon. I shall be happy to introduce you to this most estimable member of our great fraternity. I made his acquaintance in Bethesda Lodge some nine years ago, when I was engaged in editing and publishing the "Odd Fellows' Register." I found a true brother and kind friend. He has always proved himself such to me. He is a strong pillar in the temple of Odd Fellowship. "Brother Stickney, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance Brother Reader, one of the five thousand who

have journeyed with me by day and by night in the valley of Jehoshaphat. We are here to get direction as to the exact location of Bethesda Lodge place of meeting.” “Write on this card,” Brother Stickney says. “Take a South Boston Broadway car, foot of Cornhill on Washington street, and ride on Broadway as far as F street. The large brick building half a square from the right-hand corner is Odd Fellows Block—one of the finest halls in the State. Ascend the stairs, enter the spacious waiting-room, and you will be welcomed by Brothers Pride, White, Reed, Robbins, White, Jones, Lincoln, Guthrie, York, Hughs, Coll, Hobbs, Kimball, Rice, and a score of others. Give the boys my compliments, and tell them I sent you among them.”

We have followed our good brother’s directions, and found it just as he said. Long live old Bethesda! “So say we all of us.”

Hobah Lodge meets in a hall over a grocery store on the corner of Dorchester and National streets. The members are waking up on the matter of a new hall; their accommodations are poor. The attendance at the weekly meetings is small. Brothers James Kemp, Paul Foss, F. D. Horr, and a few others sustain the lodge and care for the sick members.

Here we are, near the ferry-landing. It will be a favorable time to cross over to

EAST BOSTON.

I will consult the memorandum given me by Brother C. E. Durgin, of Eastern Star Lodge. Yes, the lodge meets on Wednesday evening; we are all right. It is in the brick block, Maverick square. We have plenty of leisure to call at the hardware store of Wescott Brothers, and chat a while with my old friend "Jud" on old times at Peak's Island, Maine. He is not an Odd Fellow; but "the boys on the rail" remember him as a jolly good fellow when he manipulated the steam-gauges over the "P. & R." Brother C. M. Wescott, brother of my old friend, is at the door waiting to show us round town. He says, "You will find a number of brothers at the stores and shops as you walk towards the hall." Here are Henry Smith, Francis Murphy, William H. Rumsey, and William L. Kingsbury. This is an unusual occurrence, to have every brother place his autograph in my book. I will start on a new page. Thirty names. They shall be engrossed and neatly framed.

We will make our next visit among the brothers of lodges in

HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE.

The first will be New England Lodge, at East Cambridge. The hall is on the line of the horse

railroad. It is only seven o'clock, and the door is open. Here are Brothers Guyer, Cormach, Ryder, Burton, Davis, Moor, preparing for Degree work. They invite us upstairs to examine their wardrobe. Ah! here comes Past Grand A. H. Toward, of Carrabasset Lodge, of Skowhegan, Me. He is employed in a drug-store in town. I have not met him for more than ten years. We shall have an enjoyable evening among the brothers.

A short distance down the street is the hall of Friendship Lodge, in the large brick block, in that part of the city known as

CAMBRIDGEPORT.

This fine building is the headquarters of most of the beneficial and fraternal organizations in this section of Cambridge. We are pleased to make the acquaintance of Brothers Follintine, Hazlewood, Day, Hawday, McIntosh, Fish, Weir, Robbins, and Corbett, this cold night.

There is nothing special in the line of business or work, and the meeting closes at an early hour.

To-morrow evening we will visit Cambridge Lodge, and speak a word with Brothers Stewart, Coyle, Chapin, Bancroft, and Kellen.

Mount Sinai Lodge meets at

NORTH CAMBRIDGE.

It is a cold, stormy night; there are but few

brothers present. In this case it does not depend upon large numbers to make an interesting meeting, when we have N. W. Bunker, N.G.; Charles H. Cutler, Secretary; Henry S. Davis, P.G.; and Brothers Phelps, Bowers, Cofran, Powers, Muzzey, Macdonald, and Marshall to conduct the "good and welfare." There is one lodge close by which we can visit with very little inconvenience. It is Warren, No. 18. Communication with that part of the city is ample for the accommodation of thousands.

ROXBURY.

Brother Dana B. Hamlin gave me a cordial invitation to visit Warren Lodge. I think we had better "take it in" this evening. Tuesday is the night of meeting. Take a Warren-street car, and we ride very near the hall. Brother Hamlin is in the banquet hall, assisting the caterer. It is the installation of officers. District Deputy Grand Master C. F. Brown and suite are present, with Brothers J. J. Galvin, C. A. Forbush, George C. Valentine, H. H. Hersey, and W. J. Bishop, of American Lodge. The brothers are "laying out" for a grand time. We will ask to be excused, and come around to see the brothers when they are by themselves. Good-night, brothers!

Our next objective point is

DORCHESTER.

We can board the train for a few minutes' ride, and stop at Lower Mills station. It is but a short walk to Dorchester Lodge hall. We have to ascend this steep hill. The condition of the road reminds us of the country,—ice, snow, and mud. What is the cause for so much hilarity in the lower hall? I guess the boys are having a bit of fun. Brother Joseph Wild heads the crowd. There will hardly be standing room for all. Brother A. A. Page, M. D. Williams, George A. Anderson, Thomas Clark, Thomas Robertson, George A. Parker, and nineteen others are here. They have each bought a copy of “Binding of the Links,” and placed their autographs on my book. Six of the brothers are Past Grands. This is a good record for Dorchester Lodge. Its official report to the Grand Lodge for the term ending June 30, 1890, is a good showing: 224 members; 36 Past Grands; paid for the relief of sick members, \$673.65; receipts for the year, \$1,665.78. There are two “*strange men*,” Thomas and James, among the membership, but they do not interfere with the harmony of the brothers. One is keeper of the records, and the other is keeper of the treasury. This has been a particularly interesting and enjoyable meeting to me. I wish every lodge in the jurisdiction had the “make-up” of such

wide-awake, kindly-disposed members as we have met here to-night. The lodge can but prosper and take high rank among the lodges in the old Bay State.

Yes, we are on our way to

UPHAM'S CORNER,

to visit Mount Pleasant Lodge. It is dreadful to be crowded, jammed, actually squeezed between men of two hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, to say nothing of lighter or heavier weight. "Bless me, isn't this pleasant, a-riding on the rail?" We shall get there some time, if the car don't shatter. Thank our stars! we have reached the long-desired destination. This is Dorchester Heights, where Washington erected his batteries, which so frightened the British one hundred and fifteen years ago. It is appropriately named. Cast your eye over the highlands and the bay. It is a grand sight. Odd Fellows Hall is over this store. Brother H. G. Allbright can give us what information we desire. The hall is open. We will find more comfortable quarters in the ante-room than in the streets among strangers. This is not a place of business. Almost all the "men folks" go down town by early morning conveyance. This is a place of rest for weary man when his day's work is done. It has been a long, tedious hour of waiting; but now the janitor comes

to shed light and give the surroundings a cheerful look. Brothers Titus, Harlow, Small, Miller, Cox, and many more have taken their seats, and the Noble Grand proceeds to business. Our return to the city will not be as full of adventure as the coming.

You remember, Brother Reader, our meeting Past Grand George W. Richardson at Covenant Lodge not long ago? He is District Deputy in Number 34, and resides at

NEPONSET.

He kindly invited us to visit Neponset Lodge. The first brother we meet is E. W. Chandler, formerly a resident of Farmington, Me. This is pleasant to find friends from the old “Pine Tree State.” The hands of the clock point to 9.23. We have only seven minutes to get on board the last train for the city; let us be going.

The hall of Nonantum Lodge years ago was located in *

BRIGHTON.

During the past year a fine new hall has been fitted up in the National Bank building, near Allston. My attention was first called to matters connected with the order at this place by a correspondent of the “Odd Fellows’ Register,” who furnished items of interest. Brother E. T. Miller

at different times sent lists of subscribers and rendered the editor of that journal valuable services. I would be pleased to visit the lodge and make the personal acquaintance of the good brothers. Here comes a car through Bowdoin square marked "Allston and Brighton." It will be a comfortable ride. Here we are. See! the hall is only a step from the store on the corner. It is fitted up and furnished in fine style. By using the sliding doors the lodge hall can be enlarged and made a spacious audience-room. The brothers are preparing for a large gathering to-night. It is installation of officers. After the installation services a banquet, speeches, and "a good time all round." It will be a late hour before the festivities come to an end. As we are depending upon steam or horse power to convey us to our resting-place for the night, it will not be worth the little enjoyment we might get out of it to remain only to see the curtain rise; we had better bid Brothers Budgell, Sargent, Hibbard, and Whidden good-night, and depart with the hope to meet them all again "in friendship's circles bright."

It seems to have been the study of the originators of names for Odd Fellows' lodges to select the longest and most difficult spoken Indian names possible. Here is Quinobequin, located at

JAMAICA PLAIN.

There is no lack of conveyance or times and sea-

sons for reaching Jamaica Plain by the Old Colony Railroad, Providence Division, or by horse-cars starting from the Tremont House. Not knowing just where the hall is located, we will take the surest route, — by horse-cars. The conductor is well posted. It is seldom that passengers “get left,” or are carried far by the point they desire to be “dropped” at. It will be quite a long ride, but not a very cold one.

We are nearing our journey’s end, and will make our exit on the corner, near the electric light. The lady attendant at the store informs us that Odd Fellows Hall is down the street, by the railroad station. It is raining, and we shall have a disagreeable walk of nearly half a mile. We have ample time. The hall is just opposite the station. Here are stores, a market-house, a neat restaurant, and near by is the post-office. Quite a business-like place this. We will rest a while in the railroad station, and keep an eye out for the first ray of light from the transparency over the entrance to the hall. The door is open; Past Grand James A. Dixon extends his friendly hand and introduces us to Brothers Samuel S. Marrison and James A. Grant. They ask, “What have you here?” when their eyes fall upon the likeness which embellishes the fly-leaf of “Binding of the Links.” They say, “We have seen such as you before,” and heartily welcome the veteran of forty years in Odd Fellowship. Joseph Sargent, Noble Grand, is introducing

us to the brothers as they enter the anteroom: Thomas E. Hill, John P. Johnson, Thomas Hendsy, Thomas Huelatt, Howard Trumbull, Samuel Gist, R. D. Barrett, David Keezer, Thomas B. Connell, Charles J. Tupper, Isaiah H. Smith, W. F. Peabody, and Alex. Miles. We find them kind, warm-hearted brothers. The much-mooted question of new furnishing the hall and infusing fresh life into the lodge meetings occupies a portion of the time; but matters that can be attended to "at any future meeting" are set aside to give an opportunity for advancing the good of the order. We will choose a more comfortable and rapid mode of conveyance on our homeward journey. A dozen steps from the sidewalk is the train, ready for Boston. "All aboard!" is the word. Have we come so quickly? Now for the horse-cars to Scoilay square, and we are "home again."

It is Tuesday night. We will take the horse-cars this time and make "a sure thing" of it, and ride to the point where we left the track last evening. It is to visit Daniel Hersey Lodge, in Arcanum Hall, on Centre street. We have passed the point where we stopped before. Let us enter this building; perhaps we may "strike" some one who can answer our challenges. Yes; these are Brother Frank Collett's furniture and upholstery rooms. Brother Collett extends a friendly hand of greeting, and bids us be seated. A good oyster stew, for refreshment this cold night, will be very accept-

able. We will cross here, and see what is going on in the hall over the store. The janitor has a big job on his hands to move all these heavy platforms, desks, settees, etc., and put the lodge-room in order in season for business. He says there was eating, drinking, and toasting in the hall last night, and his part of the fun is to clear up and set things to rights. The hall is occupied by numerous fraternal organizations.

The special business of the meeting to-night is election of officers. There is a full attendance, and sufficient interest taken in the choice of brothers who are to administer the affairs of the lodge, to make things lively. Some of the brothers here in the anteroom are eying me closely, propounding questions. One asks, “Who are you? Where did you come from? What is the character of ‘Binding of the Links’”? My reply is, “I am a State of Maine man; was born in Washington County, in a small village of less than six hundred inhabitants, sixteen miles from the ‘jumping-off place.’ Have seen years, and experienced many solemn changes.” Brother C. K. Bullock is speaker for the company. My answers seem to be satisfactory. The book and pencil pass from hand to hand, for autographs. Here they are: John F. Wise, H. M. Shaw, F. L. Hitchcock, John A. Williams, L. H. Smith, W. A. Dennis,—all in a plain, business hand. The speaker says, “A brother of this lodge is from ‘away

down East.' Perhaps you may know each other. There he is, just entering the room." — "Which one?" — "That ministerial-looking gentleman, the chaplain of the lodge." — "I will address him. Good-evening, brother; they say you are from 'away down East'?" He says, "That is correct." Hear! He speaks the name of the county, the town, the particular locality, describes the house where he was born. Now we will turn aside from the gaze of the astonished and somewhat interested spectators, and compare notes more closely. Yes, we were boys and playmates forty years ago. This is a moment of joyful reunion, after long years of separation. He is J. Stilman Smith. His name appears on the title-page of this book. Dear Reader, I am pleased to introduce to your favor my friend of early years. He is one with us in the work of benevolence and charity. Our little episode has awakened a lively interest among the members of the lodge, and more of the brothers desire to place their auto graphs in my book, and read the story of the veteran Odd Fellow from 'away down in Maine.' We will appropriate this page to the chirography of the brothers: J. Wesley Farmer, H. C. Hamilton, J. G. Sherman, W. E. Brigham, C. L. Gilmain, C. F. Sturtevant, George E. Brigham, George B. Dillingham, W. F. Thacher, J. P. Trott, Charles Windhorn, and Frank P. Walker, secretary of the lodge. The Noble Grand says, "As time and

horse-cars wait for no man, it will be in order for visiting brothers to fill up the time between the reports of the tellers on balloting, that the members may hear a few words concerning Odd Fellowship in the early days of its history." Daniel Hersey Lodge bears the name of the first Grand Master of Massachusetts, from the years 1825 to 1832. He served his second term from 1841 to 1843.

CHAPTER XII.

SUBURBAN LODGES VISITED.

WE will now make a little change in our programme, and visit among the brothers in "the suburbs," as the people at the "Hub" speak of large and small places outside of Boston. There are three lodges in

SOMERVILLE.

The first one on our list is Oasis. The hall is on the line of the horse railroad. I remember the locality quite distinctly, as I visited the lodge, March 16, 1883. It is Thursday. The lodge

meets this evening. The conductor is pointing to the brick block on the opposite side of the street. Yes, the hall is in that building. We will stand a little inside the doorway, out of the rain. It is nearly 7.30, and the janitor has not put in an appearance. We are accosted by three young men who are passing. They ask, "Is this Odd Fellows Hall?" Here comes the janitor. We will follow him up the stairs. It is a long winding flight; but we are on sure footing when we reach the top landing. The premises are familiar to me. Here is the same table I sat at when I registered my name eight years ago. Brothers Goss, Ludwig, Ralph, and Lowell are the first to welcome us. The degree staff is busy preparing for work. Past Grand Master Edward P. Banks, a veteran member of Ligonia Lodge, Portland, Me., is reported sick under charge of the lodge. A cold rain-storm has set in. We will make our visit short, and return to the city.

WEST SOMERVILLE.

Caleb Rand Lodge is a new-comer among the lodges in the State, as its number, 197, signifies. The hall is nearly opposite the post-office. Take a Davis-square car at the waiting-room at the head of Green street. We can ride directly to the hall. I have relatives residing in that part of the city. Here is a note from a lady.

It reads: "The company of yourself and friend is requested to tea with us Tuesday evening." We will improve this favorable opportunity for a two-fold entertainment to mingle with old friends, and make the acquaintance of the members of Caleb Rand Lodge. Here comes our car. We are passing over the same route we travelled a few evenings ago, going a few miles farther out into the skirts of the town. The ride has been an enjoyable one, and we are now at the home of my relatives, uncle and aunt, their son, his wife, and three grandchildren,—down East folks. Loring is not a member of the Triple Links; but he is a "fine young man," with scores of friends, many of them members of Caleb Rand Lodge. He will accompany us to the hall at an early hour, and introduce us to Franklin Hobart and the other boys. He says he is "afraid of the goat;" but will go to the outer door and leave us with those "who understand the sign." His friend Hobart is not present; but Brother Campbell has us by the hand. There is nothing like being surrounded by genial spirits to make one feel at home and happy. If outsiders were to hear the sound of the merry voices, they might suspect that some old and much-respected member of the Order had come into the circle after months of absence. But the truth of the case is that strangers who might have met in the whirl of busy life, meet here for the first time to-night about the altar of Friendship, Love,

and Truth ; and each in the other finds a brother and true friend.

Who is that brother with my grip in his hand ? He says he is " a Boston runner," and sells goods by sample. " Every sample will count one for game in our veteran brother's pocket." Step up, boys, sign your name, and take one. Fall in ! Brothers Damery, Bowlby, Pipe, Clement, Carlson, Walker, Stockwell, Darling, Marsh, McGrath, True, Mitcher, Keary, Cutter, and Libby. Caleb Rand Lodge takes two copies of " Binding of the Links," to start a library. It has been a good and pleasant thing for the brothers to dwell together in unity to-night. Each one has had his part of the entertainment, no one more than the " Globe " man. We will bid you all a pleasant good-night, and come again some other day.

Paul Revere Lodge meets in a fine hall at

EAST SOMERVILLE.

One half-hour among the small number of members here to-night does not give a fair showing of the true character of the lodge, or the " make-up " of the brothers. Lodges are composed of individual men, and the character of the body depends upon the character of those who control it. If such brothers as Towle, Sanborn, Webber, Dana, and Chase are fair representatives of Caleb Rand Lodge, the afflicted brother who may appeal

to it for aid and sympathy will not be left to die by the wayside.

THE NEWTONS.

Brother Boise asks why we do not visit his old lodge and others on the line of the Boston & Albany Railroad. It will be well for us to do so. Let us see on what evening Warban Lodge meets. Thursday. It is a pleasant journey through an interesting section of the State. The hall is across the railroad track in the block. Newton township is very extensive, covering miles of territory. The names of a dozen or more post-offices, and the designation of neighborhood localities, are legion. This part of the city is

NEWTON.

The rain does not improve the condition of the sidewalks to those who are unacquainted with the crossings when frequent trains are passing. The hall will not be open for forty minutes. We will step into this drug-store and make the acquaintance of the proprietor. It is Brother Arthur Hudson. He is a member of Newton Lodge. His bright coal-fire is very comfortable. I see a light in the hall. Here is a lad lighting up the rooms. I will speak a word to "draw him out." "Are you an Odd Fellow, my son?"—"No, I am

a boy; my father is one of um." Here comes the secretary, with the big book under his arm. He gives us a hearty welcome, and says, "You will find a live, wide-awake set of Odd Fellows here to-night. Come in and make yourselves at home. I will introduce you to every brother as he enters the hall. Lay your books on my desk. You shall have their autographs." Here they are: Wellington Howes, N.G.; G. P. Rice, James R. Bobllee, F. T. Macdonald, W. S. Ring, George H. Brown, Madison Bunker, L. F. Ashley, M. C. Rich, A. H. Rees, F. H. Parsons, George Manley, and H. G. Crocker, formerly of Machias, Me. The time has been occupied in practising degree work, social talk, and exchanging fraternal greetings. We have just time to board the train. We will remember the brothers' kind invitation to come and see them, February 5, when they will "kill the fatted calf and make merry."

It is a short ride to

WEST NEWTON.

We descend the hill, walk down the street a few rods past the church, to get into the business part of the village. It is cold standing on the corner. We will see who keeps this market. An off-hand way for a stranger to introduce himself to one whom he suspects to be an Odd Fellow is to

inquire in what part of the town the lodge hall is situated. Let us see how it will work in this case. The name of the proprietor of the market is C. E. Scamman. He says the hall is in the wooden block on Main street. He is a member of Newton Lodge. He has relatives in Portland, Me. We have learned so much by inquiry.

There is a church entertainment this evening, and many of the members of the lodge are absent. Those present are earnest workers. The hour has passed pleasantly. The ladies of the village have established a rule not to make dates for local or society entertainments on the nights of lodge meetings, when work or important business requires the presence of the members. Such kind consideration on the part of "the gentler sex" is worthy of special mention, as such instances are rare. It will be a source of gratification in years to come to show our grandchildren the autographs of some of the great and good men of old Newton. I will ask Brother Frank H. Humphrey to solicit names while we retire to the smoking-room. You enjoy the cigar, Brother Reader, but I don't indulge in the weed; but can stand the smoke until it gets so thick that I can cut it with a knife.

See what a display of names appear on my book! Ober S. W. Bailey, Elijah A. Wood, C. Willard Carter, Fred. Lancaster, F. H. Humphrey, H. C. Hood, W. B. Callagan, F. H. Dutch, Lo-

renzo Gibbs, C. M. Potter, E. T. Wiswall, F. H. Callagan, and F. H. Parker, of the Boston & Albany Railroad. The good brothers have our thanks for the evening's entertainment. We will join them in singing the closing ode, and receive their parting good-night. One week later we visit

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

It is queer that all the lodges in the Newtons hold their meetings on the same night of the week,—Thursday. By so doing there can be but little fraternal visiting among the members without interference with lodge work.

We take the Boston & Albany car. A short ride brings us to one of the many beautiful highlands that surround Boston and the cities adjoining, with their slightly hills amidst pure, refreshing air. The hall of Home Lodge is over Brother F. S. Kempton's shoe-store. The membership is small and considerably scattered. Some of the brothers reside at Upper Falls, two miles farther on. Owing to outside attractions, there are but few members present to-night. Brother Amos L. Hall, one of the old stand-bys, has put in his appearance. He says there are others from the Falls coming to "take a hand" in any work there may be on the docket. The last train for Boston leaves at nine o'clock. As there are no hotels or lodging-houses in the place, we must cut our visit

short. Brothers Chaffin, Wild, Blair, and Gates are waiting to accompany us to the station.

Have you relatives or friends residing in any of the cosey little villages on the line of the Saugus Branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad? I remember some years ago stopping off at Maplewood station, and visiting an old friend,—a brother,—not of the mystic tie, but by law. We had passed much time together in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Among other pleasant events to be remembered during my stay at his old home in that part of the town, now the busy city of

MALDEN,

is the following: I accompanied him one Sunday morning to attend service at the Unitarian church. The worshippers occupied the hall of Middlesex Lodge, I.O.O.F. That was before I had any personal acquaintance with members of the Order in the town. I am sure we can greatly enjoy visiting the city and meeting with the brotherhood. I propose that we take passage on the 10.30 train and "make a day of it." This is our train standing on the outside track. Our first stop is at "Know Nothing;" then Somerville, West Street, West Everett, Bell Rock. Here we are at Malden. I think we can make a cut-off by going across the High-school lot. Yes, here is City Hall. Don't go in that door. That is the en-

trance to the police station. Chief Richards might take us for tramps. I am not sure that we shall fare any better in the opinion of some folks if we are seen entering the office of the Overseers of the Poor. The man we are looking for is one of the "City Fathers." We will enter. Here is my old friend, Hartshorn. Brother H., allow me to introduce to you Mr. Reader, a brother and companion who has journeyed from Dan to Beersheba.

"These gentlemen," Mr. Hartshorn says, "at my right are Messrs. Beals and Stiles, Associate Members of the Board." We are pleased with the manner of conducting the business of the departments of the government. Your system is a grand improvement over that in vogue when we were boys. A well-managed fire department is a very important palladium in city or town organizations. We will cross the street and interview Mr. S. B. Wilkinson, at the engine-house. He may have something new to show and tell us; about the *modus operandi* of the boys who "run with the machine." Ah! I see you are casting wistful eyes at the "Hamlin" in Robinson's store window. We will step in and learn what "Jim" has to say for himself. Here is a full line of smokers' articles. Select one of the best. Brother Robinson says if our business is to obtain the autographs of the members of Middlesex Lodge, we will need to order a book of three hundred lines.

I shall be quite well satisfied to receive one-third that number. The lodge meets to-night. We will appear among the brothers and make known our desires. It is the same hall I sat in that Sunday. The preacher then occupied the platform where Brother Fred S. Langley, Noble Grand, now stands. I have succeeded in obtaining these signatures: F. P. Cox, A. L. Thompson, C. F. Brooks, H. J. Kidder, J. H. Hadly, C. A. Davis, F. E. Hubbard, John M. Keen, C. A. Randall, Edwin T. Newhall, P. V. Wing, C. E. Fuller, and Fred M. Noyes. There will be many more to follow when the long-talked-of event takes place; namely, the institution of Malden Lodge, No. 201. We are here on that day with brothers from various parts of the State. It is the biggest snow-storm of the season. Grand Master Edward H. Kavanagh officiates. He is assisted by Jay B. Crawford, G. Warden; John F. Morgan, G. Marshal; Julius L. Clarke, G. Treasurer; Wm. Parkman, G. Chaplain; Charles D. Cole, G. Secretary; Rufus B. Gifford, P. G. Representative; Wm. A. McCrillis, D.D.G.M.; Calvin W. Sawyer, J. Lawrence Martin, A. G. Brooks, and Frank P. Sawyer, Past Grands.

These are the charter members: Florence D. Tobin, Winslow B. Southworth, Geo. E. Hanscom, Wm. F. Dusseault, Solomon A. Howe, Jr., Marcellus Coggan, Walter S. Hopkins, Geo. W. Hazard, Wm. T. Hill, Chas. F. Pinney, John Howland, Geo. F. Erskine, Edwin M. Shepherd, Chas. P.

Lyford, Benj. Hill, Edward M. Storr, Robt. McDonald, William R. West, Moses E. Chandler, George W. Lewis, Albert L. Decatur, William C. Demain.

The following officers are installed: Geo. E. Hanscom, N.G.; Wm. T. Hill, V.G.; John Howland, Secretary; Geo. W. Lewis, P. Secretary; Chas. F. Pinney, Treasurer.

The lodge is in District No. 37, Wm. A. McCrillis, D. D. G. Master.

The storm is becoming more furious. We had better take the first train for Boston, and get into comfortable quarters before night overtakes us.

We take the car in Bowdoin square for

WATERTOWN.

L. C. Creamer, formerly of Portland, Me., is conductor. He has the links on his necktie. We are in good hands. He will make the journey pleasant and safe. We can have our choice,—to go by steam or horse cars. The latter route passes through an interesting section of the State, and will afford us a greater variety of scenery. We cross the railroad track at the foot of the hill, and then we are in the village. D. A. S. Barker is Secretary of Lafayette Lodge. We will look him up and "get some points" on the village. Here are S. Albert Gregg and C. H. Rollins. They tell us to call on H. E. Dadmun, superintendent at the

stove foundry. He can direct us, and hosts of the boys in that establishment. "Take this card, brother," Dadmun says; "go in that door, and inquire for John Ripley, W. N. Newcomb, Warren Taylor, G. B. Moore, and Getchell Maston. They are all members of the Order." It has been done as he bid us, and still there is room for more. We will wait until the brothers assemble at the lodge. Yes, it is tiresome walking about town. We will rest a while in the variety store with Brother A. C. Fletcher. He is very pleasant and social.

The lodge hall is open. We will enter. Here are three brothers in the anteroom enjoying a smoke. They are curious to know the contents of my grip. Brother Newcomb is telling the boys a little story about his experience, years ago, in a small village away down in the eastern part of Maine, where he worked for a man of the same name as the author; and Brother McPherson makes known the place of his birth to be eighteen miles up "the Schoodic," in the picturesque village of Robbinston. Well, well, this is funny! three down-easters have accidentally met here to-night in this circle of brothers. To make the record complete, we will ask H. A. Powall, Noble Grand, Charles A. Gregg, and John A. Evans, Past Grands, to place their names on the list.

It is raining hard. We have to hurry to get the car. There are not very many passengers. We shall make a quick run into Boston.

If the weather clears up we will go to

EVERETT

this evening. We take a through-line car to the square, near the hall of Everett Lodge. It is degree work, supper, toasting; and it is kept up until midnight. Brothers Schofield, Baker, and Virgin give us a kind invitation to come and see them again.

Who says the members of Prospect Lodge are not a wide-awake set of fellows? The Lodge is in the city of

WALTHAM,

where people are closely *watched*. We board the train at the Fitchburg depot. It is only a short ride. The business part of the city is on both sides of the river. We will inquire of the man on the corner with the badge on his breast where to find the hall of Prospect Lodge. We have hit him just right. His name is Charles E. Cater. He says he is "one of the boys," and will take us in charge — not to the station — and conduct us to an inn. Some one with a black eye is calling to our escort. He leaves us — not alone — for here we have Brother D. M. Spaulding. He directs us to the place of rest and refreshment kept by Brother George K. Field, around the corner, in the basement of this building. It is just as Brother

Field represented, — a full attendance; live lodge, full of business, and growing rapidly. I have the autographs of thirty brothers on a parchment roll presented by the committee of entertainment. It is a long list, and I will not occupy your time by reading all the names, — Robert Robinson, F. A. Perry, Jr., Everett Skinner, F. E. McLellan, W. T. Robinson, T. W. Temple. The train leaves at ten o'clock. We must leave this pleasant company to reach the station in five minutes. As we will have no better time to visit Governor Gore Lodge than now while we are in the city, let us do the "Rip Van Winkle" act, and rest in the arms of Morpheus until December 11, 1890, to find ourselves ascending the long flight of stairs in the block, on the opposite side of the river from where we parted with the brothers of Prospect Lodge ten months ago. Here are a goodly number of the Governor Gore boys assembled in the anteroom. The hall is of large dimensions, handsomely fitted up, and furnished in fine style. The lodge is young, composed of members fired with zeal for the promotion of brotherly love and charity. Visitors are cordially welcome. I met in my travels Brother J. Fred. Vinal, a member of the lodge, some months ago. If he is a specimen of the make-up of the lodge, I am sure we shall pass an enjoyable evening in the company of such jovial fellows. C. C. Symons is Noble Grand. There are twenty-five members present, a good number when there is nothing

special to call the brothers out in such cold, uncomfortable weather. It is proposed that every member in the lodge have a word to say. The question is: Who shall begin? Let us commence at the right of the Noble Grand with Charles N. Rice; then come H. J. Beattie, J. Lincoln Moody, E. D. Clarke, Herbert L. Foster, Samuel Bowers, Cyril E. Brown, Jr., G. L. Baker, G. W. Rogers, W. W. Frazer, M. E. Davis, F. P. McClary, G. A. Costello, N. D. Johnson, F. O. Hicks, Frank B. Davis. It has been a meeting for the good and welfare of the lodge. The speeches were all short and interesting. The brothers were not afraid to use their vocal powers. Many of the remarks teemed with wit and humor. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." We are invited to accompany Brother Herbert L. Foster to his home to spend the night. With his and your assistance, Brother Reader, over the icy sidewalk, I think we can make our way without difficulty. "Good-night, brothers!"

One evening, while seated in the library-room in Odd Fellows Hall, 515 Tremont street, Boston, I made the acquaintance of Brother John Malcom, formerly a resident of Fairfield, Me. Of late years he has made his home in West Quincy. He is a member of Mount Wollaston Lodge,

QUINCY.

He gave me a pressing invitation to visit the lodge at my earliest convenience. Suppose we make it our place for this evening. It is a few stations out on the Old Colony road. It is quite a little walk from the station up into the business part of the city. Here is a large new block, erected since the time of my visit. Odd Fellows Hall is in this building with the large oval windows. The post-office used to be in the corner store in the block, near the drug-store. It is now on the other side of the street, kept by W. W. Adams, a relative of the late ex-President, J. Q. Adams. We will go down on the back street and interview Brother A. W. Stetson at his store, and find out in what part of the town Brother Malcom resides. This rain is disagreeable. We have to take a car and ride to West Quincy. Brother Malcom's house is No. 3 Hill street. It is a new street lately cut through the woods. Horrid muddy walking. I think that is Mrs. Malcom standing at the open door. John has probably informed her that we might possibly call to-day. He is at work in the quarries. Our surmises are correct. We are pleased to make the acquaintance of the lady, and enjoy a social chat with our brother from Maine. He proposes that we take an early supper and go to the city. The next car will arrive at the hall before eight

o'clock. Here are Brothers Souther, Brewer, Worcester, Burke, and Campbell in the ante-room. We are pleased to make their acquaintance; also that of Charles L. Orno, Noble Grand. This is a fine new hall. The question of placing a conspicuous sign across the front of the hall, between the large windows, bearing the name, number, and appropriate emblems of the order, is discussed by Brothers McKay, Elliott, Hobart, Miller, and others. Secretary Fred. F. Green has little to say, but keeps on jotting down the business transactions of the meeting. Yes, Brother Malcom, it is such an unpropitious evening that we most gladly accept your kind invitation to return to your comfortable home and rest for the night. The bell calls for breakfast. Brother Reader, can you tell me what it is the sign of to find money under your plate at breakfast? Brother Reader is very funny in his answer. He says, "It is a sign you have got the coin, isn't it?" I will venture to guess that it is a sign that our kind hostess has been out among the neighbors, whose husbands are Odd Fellows, and sold three copies of "Binding of the Links" before we had left our comfortable beds. God bless the women! The world would be barren of joy without them.

As this is a life of activity and unrest, we shall not reach the end of these days' and nights' journeyings until the entire State is traversed. Here is the name of the town we visit to-morrow, —

MILFORD.

It is on a branch of the Boston & Albany road. This is agreeable to me, as I have relatives and friends residing there. There are lodges in three places on the route we shall travel. We can "take them all in" very conveniently. It is nearly twenty years since I last visited the town of Milford. The late Thomas C. Eastman, a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of the place, was a native of the village the opposite side of the river to my boyhood's home, in Maine. He was engaged in the manufacture of paper boxes and employed a large number of hands and extensive machinery. After his decease, some four years ago, his brother, S. Alden Eastman, continued the business in company with Edward Hobart, a relative from the same little village in Maine. I should like to go there and look over the old grounds. Here we are at the station. I am a little confused and hardly know in which direction to go. We will inquire of the station agent. Yes, that is so, we do go down the street. There is the mill. The sign over the door reads, "Eastman & Hobart." Alden is smiling blandly. He is not a member of our Order, but has reached a high round in the ladder of Free and Accepted Masonry. Most Eminent Commander, K.T. Is that the title? Business of importance demands our attention, and we have but little time to give

to it, so let us be "up and doing." We will enter the mill and speak a word with W. H. Carpenter and Joseph Bassett. They are "our kind." They invite us to attend the lodge meeting this evening. Its name is another of the jaw-breaking kind, "Tisquantum." J. M. French is Noble Grand; William Malcom, Vice-Grand; George H. Manly, Secretary. It speaks well for the character of the lodge to see so many Past Grands present among so few members to-night. The music and dancing are enticing to the young men and maidens. We will return over the same route we came yesterday, and stop at the grand railroad centre,

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.

I have no personal acquaintance with members of the Order in this town. Years ago I frequently received communications from a member of Framingham Lodge, when I was engaged in publishing the "Odd Fellows' Register." It was Brother William Murphy, an employee of the Old Colony Railroad. I will inquire of the station agent about him. Yes. He is up in the yard at work on the "shifter." This is "all fools' day." We shall have to keep our eyes open so that we do not "get sold."

I dare ask the yard-master where we can find Brother Murphy. "That is," he says, "the man you are looking for, standing by the flag station."

Right he is. I recognize the autograph. I have seen it so many times on letters bearing messages of kind regard and postal-notes for the payment of subscriptions of patrons of the "Odd Fellows' Register." Brother Murphy is in the service of the railroad company, and cannot vacate his post of duty. He tells us where we can find Wright Summers, Noble Grand, and Brother Collins, in the freight depot. They in turn direct us to Harding's straw manufactory, where we shall find Brothers J. A. Gleason, L. H. Billings, S. M. Pooler, and others. Ah! this is Brother Pooler, my old brother and friend, whom I used to know years ago in Skowhegan, Me.

Brother Reader, I am pleased to introduce you to this good brother. We shall enjoy an hour of social chatting on old-time events. The lodge hall is on Hollis street. We will follow the brothers as they ascend the stairs. Who is that brother closely wrapped in an ulster coat, supported by a staff? Yes, he is Past Grand Master Thomas C. Porter, whom I met in Boston a short time ago. He has been "under the weather" of late. This is the first time he has met with the brothers in lodge meeting for a number of weeks. My good brother, I thank you for the kind words you have spoken in our behalf. I wish you might remain to enjoy the meeting. But if you must go, may joy and peace go with you. Good-night!

Here are a lively lot of boys: Towne, Chapman, Adams, Waterman, Tibbetts, Johnson, Cutting, Merriam, Fales, Barreau, Douglass, Rose, Stone, Lang, Bruce, Lyons, Herbert, Whitman, Kaler, Clapp, Adams, and Bagier, of West Concord, Vt. Brother Pooler has invited us to follow him to a place of rest under the shadow of his roof.

The time spent in company with Brother Pooler and his estimable wife has been full of pleasure. It brought freshly to memory the events of more than sixteen years ago, "when the editor sat in his sanctum."

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO MAINE.

"I love her rocks and rills,
Her woods and templed hills."

WE must heed the call of friends at home, and cross again the boundary line of States to meet those who have claims upon our time and attention. We can spend all day in Boston, and take the steamer at seven o'clock. It will be pleasant on the water to-night. It is the steamer "Tremont." She will make a quick run. How delightful to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep," quietly sleeping, while every moment drawing nearer and

nearer "home, sweet home." Here we are, safely moored at the pier. It is 3.30 o'clock. We cannot yet discern anything through the gray of the morning.

Brother Reader, I have greatly enjoyed your company along our journey. You will permit me to enter my home to pass a season with family and friends. When I start again on my travels, I shall be pleased to have you accompany me.

I AM ALL READY.

It is six days since I parted from you, Brother Reader. I am rested and prepared to start on another tour. If you are so minded you can pack your grip and we will board the train at the Union station for a passage to the ship-building city of

BATH.

You no doubt recall the stations we are passing as the same which we passed when we were journeying to Rockland and the towns along the coast. If you are interested in the construction of large ships, steam-boats, and small sea-going crafts, you will find plenty to occupy your attention up and down the banks of this river. A launching is no novel sight to the dwellers here about. It will be a difficult matter to climb these high stagings to the deck of the ship, so we will

have to be content with conversing with the workmen at noon hour. We will walk down Main street and call on Brother V. P. Emery, Secretary of Lincoln Lodge. He can direct us to the business portion of the city. We have a fine view of the ship-yards from this high embankment. Brother Emery is at the grocery store and market down the street. He has just driven up to the door. He says "the boys" in the foundry are "all right." We will go through this passageway by the back entrance of the foundry. Here they are, pouring the red-hot metal into the moulds. They recognize the one who has met them in the same place in years gone by. Here they come, Brothers Humphries, Flinelling, Barton, Hall, and Dunham. We will meet scores of them at the lodge to-night.

What is all this conversation about? Brother Harraman and Charles McFarland ask if we have seen a copy of the Boston "Daily Globe" containing a likeness of the man who claims to be the author of "Binding of the Links; a Story of Forty Years in Odd Fellowship," with a column notice of the book. They are trying to come some of their "funny business," and say they "are going to read the exposure published in the paper in open lodge." This is what they are driving at. This paragraph in the "Globe" published to-day: "For nearly ten years the people of Portland have been familiar with the personal appearance of an

old, badly-crippled man, seen everywhere, always at work, never despondent, and strangely enough, quick and active in all his motions, a man who bears many burdens with surprising brightness of spirit, and who has done a good deal of hard work.

"Every Odd Fellow in this State, and many through New England, know Cyrus Hamlin Kilby, P.G. and P.C.P., and in his way, and, for that matter, in many ways, a noted man. Few have been more devoted to Odd Fellowship than he, and no man ever fought the battle of life better.

.....
"Mr. Kilby has been reporter, editor, correspondent, and publisher, always a worker, and is now selling his latest book, 'Binding of the Links; a Story of Forty Years in Odd Fellowship.' "

That came from the pen of the Portland correspondent of the Boston "Globe." We are glad if we have in any way contributed to the interest of the meeting, and, more than all, we are pleased to learn that old Lincoln Lodge is prosperous and doing a work for humanity. After receiving such a cordial welcome from the brothers, and being favored with forty-six of their autographs, we feel well satisfied with our visit, and depart with their gracious benediction. Our next stopping-place will be

BRUNSWICK,

the college home of many distinguished men of learning and high repute in the nation. It is a city with large natural endowments. Pejepscot Lodge was instituted June 13, 1844, in less than ten months after the Order was introduced into Maine. It numbers nearly two hundred members, and is financially and socially sound. Let us take the noon train and spend a part of the day among brothers. In a direct line from the station, across the park, we can find Brother O. A. Corey, Noble Grand, at the coal-office. He has received us cordially; his business calls him away, but he kindly directs us to Brothers Graves, Knight, Given, Snow Brothers, Jordan, Townsden, Roberts, Hall, Read, Strout, Shackford, Purinton, and others. We have time to walk up on the college grounds before taking the train for the capital city. Forty-six years ago I visited this place on a Commencement day. I will point you out the initials of my deceased brother's name, a graduate of '42, cut, among others, about the window-casings. Here are the letters, "J. D. K." We will now return to the station and proceed on to

AUGUSTA.

We have an opportunity here to note the changes and public improvements about the city. This

elegant granite structure, the U.S. Post-Office building, is an ornament to the city. The enlargement and grand improvement of the State Capitol buildings is a matter of public interest and pride. The legislators of Maine have shown themselves wise and far-sighted to decree that henceforth Augusta shall be the seat of government. The legislative halls and senate chambers have been fitted up in style in keeping with the dignity of the men who are to occupy them in the years to come.

Here is the publishing office of the "Maine Farmer." Let us look in and say good-morning to my friend and old newspaper brother, Howard Owen. He is associate editor of this valuable agricultural journal. He was one of the large party, members of the Maine Press Association, who made an enjoyable excursion to Quebec in 1878. Since that time I have passed many pleasant hours in Mr. Owen's society.

This evening Asylum Lodge holds its regular meeting in the new hall on Winthrop street. It is six years since I met with the brothers. We shall find them an earnest, wide-awake lot of Odd Fellows. This is a magnificent hall, fully up to the description given of it in the "City Journal" and State papers. Here is Past Grand Master R. B. Capin, a brother of my old acquaintance. We are to have an opportunity to witness the work of the second degree by a proficient team. How am I to manage to obtain the autographs of the forty-

eight brothers? Their names will cover four pages of my book. I will invite them to spread out large in double columns on this sheet of foolscap furnished by the secretary. Brother Blackwell heads the list, followed by Small, Hunt, McCausland, Weeks, Beals, Pond, Turner, Bourne, Libby, Smith, Merrill, Masoite, Mcald, Howard, Griffith, Ridout, and many others.

Believing that a comfortable night's rest at the home of our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, on Winthrop street, will be beneficial to weary man, I feel a strong desire to avail myself of such a blessing. We will ask the good brothers to allow us to depart in peace.

The next day is Sunday. We have to spend the day away from our homes, anyway. The question is, Where we can pass its hours the most satisfactorily? It shall be at the Lancy House, in Pittsfield, with Brother Owen Blackden. To reach that place, it will make the journey to our next objective point the longest way round; but it will be the surest road, and our desired home. The Sabbath day is passed. Its hours of quiet and rest have fitted us for the duties and burdens of another week. We will now start on the first train that will connect us with the Somerset Railroad, at Oakland, in season to spend the day at

NORRIDGEWOCK.

Time has worked many changes in this ancient

town in Somerset County. The upper story of the large wooden building on Depot street is owned by Quinnebassett Lodge. A large hall, with banquet and anterooms, is fitted up and furnished in a neat and comfortable manner. The lodge is young, but rapidly increasing in membership, and is prosperous. Owing to the inclement weather there are but few members present to-night. We have passed an enjoyable hour with Brothers Murphy, Tuttle, Knowlton, Huntoon, Whiting, Holt, Moore, Hobbs, Frederick, Russell, Wheeler, Hilton, Lindsey, Hale, Bates, Carr, and Crosby.

We must take the "slow coach" this morning, and jog along through the mud. Our road is after the kind described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," through the "Slough of Despond." It is a "spike team," with two horses abreast and a leader. We would gladly exchange the mode of conveyance for a balloon or flying-machine; but having started on the journey, we shall try to hold out to the end. We are fortunate enough to complete our six miles' journey without accident. I get a sight of church spires, and some of the old familiar buildings, ahead, from this high hill. A short ride farther and we will reach the village, my old home for more than seven years. Here we are at the door of the

SKOWHEGAN HOUSE.

Everything about the premises has the same appearance as when I left the town five years ago. The first person we meet is Postmaster Col. W. R. G. Estes. At every point on the street I meet people whose names and faces I recall. I can hardly realize that I am walking the same streets I trod years ago in the days of health and prosperity. Surely, my eyes do not deceive me, for here are the stores and offices, and many of the people I used to meet in their places of business. Here is the "Somerset Reporter" newspaper and job printing office, where I have spent days and weeks in the editor's sanctum, now occupied by Messrs. Smith & McNeclie, who are laboring hard to supply the patrons of the long established county paper with useful and entertaining reading. Let us take a stroll about the town. See what changes and improvements have been wrought! This new depot is a grand improvement over the old dilapidated building. Here is Brother Sumner C. Ward. I am glad to see you, brother, engaged in your old duties, in such a finely fitted up baggage-room. We will find lots of the boys down on Madison street. Yes, here is Brother George S. Webb at his store. On the corner are Brothers Hawes & Arnold. They are apt to give people "fits" when they enter this store. John A. Dealy,

farther down the street, cuts and trims to suit his customers. Well, well! here is Doctor Conant. "Sam" they used to call him; but he has honorably earned the M.D. by the wonderful cures wrought by "Anidroses, Conant's Vapor Baths," known and acknowledged throughout the globe as the best and surest cure for the many diseases which frail man is heir to. We must not pass my old brother, George W. Gray, by, at the stove-store. He is the pure gold in manly character. His friendship is worth having in the days of adversity as well as in the sunshine of prosperity. We will call on some brothers who may not be present at lodge meeting to-night: S. B. Steward and W. F. Bacon on the island; Past Grand Sam. Nash and John B. Young at the oil-cloth factory. They were dear friends of mine in the early days of my connection with Carrabasset Lodge. Brother Young stood firm as a rock when the disheartened members faltered and were ready to faint by the wayside.

It is evening. The brothers are gathering as aforetime at the main entrance of Coburn Hall, ready to ascend the long flight of stairs to Odd Fellows Hall. There have been radical changes in the upper story of the building since I last visited the lodge. A spacious reception-room has been added by taking in the small banquet hall formerly occupied by the Masonic bodies. With the handsome paraphernalia and other things in

keeping therewith, there are few lodges in the State possessing a better outfit or doing better work than this lodge. Here they come with hands extended to welcome the veterans of forty years: Brothers F. B. and M. B. Heselton, French, "Sim" Sawyer, Hurley, Strickland, Knight, Morrill, Lumsden, Vigue, Tantish, Thing, Forbes, Howe, Leland, Smith, Dunham, Foster, and Goodwin. Some of them are strangers to me, as they have come here "since I've been gone." Ten years absence from one's own lodge brings many changes. Those who were boys then are men now. It seems strange to be privileged to raise my hand when the vote is called on lodge matters, after sitting in hundreds of lodges as a visitor and spectator. It is more than strange to speak upon questions under discussion without permission of the Noble Grand. But it all comes to me now. I am at home in old Carrabassett Lodge, occupying the warden's chair. I feel like reversing the language of the wise men: "Once I was young, but now I am old." Brothers, one and all, I desire to introduce to your favor my brother, Mr. Reader, who has accompanied me on all my journeyings. Before we depart on this morning's train I desire to speak with these old friends on the corner at the post-office: B. F. Eaton, Samuel D. Arnold, Barnett Wharf, Frederick Hoyt, Oliver Walker, Colonel Isaac Dyer, Colonel A. W. Wildes, General R. B. Shepard, George and

Ed. Page. The train is hauling up to the station. We must say good-by to all our friends. We are crossing the high bridge over the Kennebec. "Going! Gone!" We change cars at Waterville, and take the lower road for

GARDINER.

This is a city of lumber mills. Heavy losses have come to the business men at various times by devastating fires. I have very few acquaintances here. Gardiner Lodge, No. 9, was instituted in 1874. It has a devoted membership.

There have been heavy drafts upon its membership by the formation of new lodges. The old hall remains the same as it was six years ago; a few of the pillars of the lodge are present to-night: Brothers White, Partridge, Robinson, Tarbox, Hooper, Goodrich, Spearing, Goodwin, Hayes, and Parnell. We spend a pleasant hour with them. We have only a short ride to

HALLOWELL,

where we will see Brothers Thomas S. Burnham and Charles F. Kilbrith, at the oil-cloth factory, and George F. White, E. E. Lehi, Arch. Campbell, and Daniel Hanscom on the street.

Sanborn Lodge meets Thursday evening. We are one day too late. I recall the night of Oct.

5, 1882, when the lodge was instituted by Grand Master Silas W. Cook, of Lewiston, assisted by the Grand Officers and a large delegation of members of Asylum, Gardiner, Pejepscot, Richmond, and other lodges from the surrounding cities and towns. At the meeting of the next week following I was present and invited to deliver the Past Grand's charge to fifteen initiates. We will board "Jewitt's train," and go on to

RICHMOND.

This is a shoe manufacturing town. Quite a number of my friends who resided here years ago now make there home in California and the far West. Here we are at the furniture and upholstery store where Brother J. Clarke Flagg is employed. He is standing in the door conversing with Brother S. Reed Allen. He is beckoning to us to come that way. He says, "There are very few members of Richmond Lodge on the street in places of business." Most of them are employed in the shoe-shops. It is doubtful if we are admitted at working hours. We will attend the lodge meeting to-night and hear what "the boys" have to say about it. This is my first visit to the lodge in this beautiful hall. I remember well when it was completed and dedicated with interesting services. Brother Z. S. Spaulding was one of the leading actors on that occasion. We have a

pleasant little company of brothers here to-night. It would add greatly to the interest of the meeting if all these richly upholstered seats were occupied by the one hundred and thirty brothers who hold membership in the lodge. We are glad to find ourselves surrounded by such a good band of brothers as R. E. Wood, F. J. Buker, W. A. Bibber, E. Marco, E. B. Webber, C. H. H. French, M. G. Buker, A. A. Williams, John W. Jordan, George O. Small, and C. F. Reed. Brother Jordan tells us to call at the shoe-shop down on the street in the morning. He will introduce us to Wm. H. Harlow, proprietor of the establishment, who is a brother of the Order. We have been kindly treated and highly favored in both shops, for which we thank the manager.

Having accomplished our purposes in this part of the State, we will make a direct journey home, and rest a few days.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALONG THE ROCK-BOUND COAST.

“We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor mouth,
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast *we fleeted* to the south.”

WERE you, Brother Reader, ever away down in that part of Maine so much talked of and

written about, the Eden that inspires the poet with song, the mid-summer home of men and women of high rank and wealth, the enchanted grounds around

BAR HARBOR?

The steamer leaves Railroad Wharf to-night at eleven o'clock. We have comfortable quarters for sleeping. The hours of the night will quickly pass while we are in the land of dreams. Hark! I hear the call: "Passengers for Rockland turn out!" Is it possible? Five o'clock so soon! I hardly realized that the boat had been moving. It will soon be daylight. Let us go on deck and look out on the blue ocean. We have come twelve miles. This landing is Islesboro, a new stopping-place on the route. See that large hotel, it was erected last season. Our next stopping-place is the historic town of Castine. Up on the high grounds is the Arcanian, a handsome summer hotel. The United States revenue cutter "Woburn" is lying off in the harbor with flying colors. That little village just in sight is Deer Isle. Here we are coming to Sedgwick. The landing is off at the right. A bold sand bar makes out, obstructing a close entrance to the town. Just ahead, as we are moving, you can see South West Harbor, and off at the right, North West Harbor, two thriving villages with large summer hotels. These are our last landing-places. The steamer is enter-

ing deep water. We are to have the company of the steamer "Mt. Desert." The passengers of both steamers are exchanging friendly greetings. There is to be a pleasant little contest to see which boat will make the landing first. It has been quite exciting. There go the lines of the "City of Richmond"! They are received on the wharf. The "Mt. Desert" hauls along side. We are safely landed,

"Where the stately ships go in
To the haven under the hill."

During the months of July and August it is teeming with life and gayety. Nature has bestowed her best efforts in producing a perfect picture, upon which the eye of man never tires to gaze. We will enter the office of the Mt. Desert "Herald" and grasp the hand of my good brother, Joseph Wood, the editor. He can post us on all matters of interest concerning the place. We are too early in the season to see it as it will appear a month hence. Island Lodge numbers 120 members, and holds its meetings in Wood's block. We are one day past the night of meeting. The chief of police has volunteered to "drum up" the boys for a social chat at the hall. Brother Wood is leading the way to introduce them as they enter: Brothers Carr, Campbell, Clark, Graves, Benson, Harmon, Campbell, Jordan, Benner, Hodgkins, Milliken, Kurson, Green, Hodgkins, Herring, and

Jones. We have taken sweet council together in an old-fashioned conference meeting. It would do the mind and body of "the laboring class" good to remain in this fair land during the coming weeks of warm weather; but we must be moving down the street to take passage on board the ferry to cross the bay and take the train and proceed on to

ELLSWORTH.

We shall remain in the city to-day and meet the brothers of Lejock Lodge this evening. We will follow the brothers up into the hall. I will take the seat by the secretary's desk. It is the same one which I occupied six years ago. Here is Brother J. C. Bartlett, Noble Grand; also Brothers Packard, Holmes, Mullan, Gould, Allen, Furber, and thirty others. The degree staff will show us fine work to-night. The boys are coming in large numbers to help them.

It is Saturday morning; the rain-clouds have rolled away; the sun sends forth its cheering rays. We will take the first train for Bangor. A short run brings us to

WINTHROP.

We will step off here and call upon some of my old friends at Bailey's oil-cloth factories. Brothers W. H. French, Dudley, Dillingham, Towle, and H. A. French are at the village. Brothers C. A. Briggs,

Stowe, Titus, and Foster are at Baileyville factories. The four o'clock train will take us direct to Portland, where we shall spend the night and arrange for the future.

CHAPTER XV.

VISIT TO THE FATHERLAND.

IT is more than four years since I visited my old home in Washington County. I have arranged a nice little programme for a two weeks' cruise down in that section of the State. I am well satisfied, Brother Reader, that you are not unpleasantly affected by a sea-voyage. Through the courtesy of E. A. Waldron, Esq., General Agent of the International Steamship Company, Boston, and W. H. Kilby, agent at Eastport, we are equipped for a passage on board the fine steamer "State of Maine," Captain Hilyard. The steamer will leave her wharf at six o'clock P.M. Clerk LeBarron Thompson recognizes us among the crowd gathering about the ticket-office to secure rooms and berths for the night. He says, "This key will admit you to state-room No. 28, where you can make yourselves comfortable for the night." Thanks, Brother Thompson. The steamer is swinging out from the wharf. We are

passing Portland Light,—now rounding Cushing's Island. Moving farther and farther out to sea, we can now just get a glimpse of the upper end of Peak's Island. The sun has gone down out of sight. We will retire to the saloon. The hours of night have passed quickly while the hundreds of men and women on board have been sleeping peacefully. Let us go on deck and witness the glorious sunrise. The call of the breakfast gong is a welcome sound to the average traveller. Mr. J. G. Bond, the steward, is admirably fitted for the position he occupies so acceptably to all who enjoy the indispensables set forth by his head waiter, Mr. Charles Devereux, and his attentive corps of assistants.

We are passing Lubec Narrows, and fast nearing

EASTPORT.

“Often I think of the beautiful village
Situated on Quoddy Bay;
Often in thought I go up and down
The pleasant streets of the dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.”

The toot of the whistle is a signal for casting the gang-plank. The passengers are crowding their way up the wharf. Here is our friend, W. H. Kilby, at his desk in the office. Let us move “up town.” How changed is everything before my eyes, made so by the ravages of the great fire

a few years ago ! The many fine brick and wooden structures now occupying the sites of the old familiar stores and small buildings along Water street speak volumes for the courage and enterprise of the citizens of the town. This store is occupied by Mr. Henry J. Reynolds. The upper story is the "Sentinel" newspaper and job printing office. The old paper was established in the year 1818. To pass it by would be like turning my back on an old friend who had been at my side from the first moment of my existence until the present day. Here is Editor Nutt and his typos busily at work "making up" this week's issue. "What is the significance of the initials I.O.O.F. on the sign on the hall? Brother Mildon, will you please explain?"—"It is," he says, "the hall of Border Lodge, which was instituted June 14, 1881. Come and see us to-night, and you will learn all about it." There is an interesting history to Odd Fellowship in this town, and, in fact, throughout the county. We have time for taking a full survey of the town. I will introduce you, Brother Reader, to scores of my old friends here. Their names are like household words to me. Walk up the street. Here are the Bradfords, Sheads, Corthell, and Gardner, Kilby Brothers, Pike & Kilby, Martin Bradish, a worthy ancient Odd Fellow.

It is near the hour for lodge meeting. We will follow the multitude,—not to do evil, but for a

noble cause. This is a neat, cosey hall. Everything is in keeping with the life and spirit of a lively lodge. It is work in the second degree. Past Grand Mildon is master of ceremonies. Here is a delegation from a new lodge lately instituted up the river. We will keep shady about them until we have an opportunity to fire a shot at "short range."

We will now look the lodge roster over and see what sort of material it is composed of. Here are some of the names: Brothers Wallace, Lowe, Brooks, Palmer, Martin, Magee, Brewster, Shoppie, Cleveland, Moses, McDonald, Mabee, Buckman, and McMasters. There is no good reason why the lodge should not grow and prosper with such a lot of earnest, active members as these and eighty others.

A SAIL UP DENNY'S RIVER.

This is a delightful morning, with a full-sail, north-west breeze. Here are Messrs. York and Motz, skippers of the good schooners "Julia" and "Gertie." They are ready to invite us for a sail up over Cobscook Falls. It is more than twenty years since I last sailed on these waters. I note but few changes since that time. It is "slack tide," and the "two-hour rock" comes fully to view. It is the same rock which was mistaken for the back of a large whale, many years ago, by two

voyagers on the turbulent waters in the night-time, with only the pale light of the moon to discern surrounding objects. The adventurers had been imbibing freely of gin, and were looking through glasses darkly. When the water receded from the surface of the rock, one of the men took his position in the stern of the boat, and with a sharp axe dealt heavy blows on the back of the whale (?) and uttered encouraging words to his companions. "By Jove," cried he, "we'll get our winter's ile!"

We have now passed the whirlpools and hidden rocks, upon which the frail barks of numbers of men and women have been dashed. We are entering the Narrows, and now rounding the "Point." Here I get a sight of the church spire on the hill-top. There is the old "dock-bridge" down by the marsh. This is

DENNYSVILLE,

Brother Reader. It is only half-flood. We should do better to climb the rocky shore and walk to the village than to remain on board until eight o'clock.

Brother Reader, you are now in the village where I was born and reared, and where I passed my school-boy days in full view of this beautiful river. Here I spent forty-six years of my life. Do you wonder that I am pleased to look upon these trees, these fields, and listen to the gurgling

brooks? Here is the old meeting-house. The foundation-stones of the old school-house on the hill are there; but the house itself, with the master's desk and the scholars' benches, are gone, and nearly all the boys and girls of those days are also gone, some never to return.

We will walk slowly along the road. Here is the old shoe-maker's shop, and the little chapel, with the parsonage near by it. Across the field is the old homestead. Father, mother, sister, and brother are not there.

We are invited to a seat in the carriage with the pastor of the village, for a few hours' drive. Brother Reader, did you ever visit your old home after many years of absence? The title that had been affixed to your name in manhood's years by strangers in distant towns and cities, now dropped, and you were greeted by cousins and old school-mates with the plain Christian name given you by your loving mother?

The first one of my old friends to meet is Mr. Theophilus W. Allan, past four score years of age. He is the oldest inhabitant of the town. His eye is very little dimmed, and his natural force is not seemingly abated. Here is Benjamin Lincoln, Esq., great-grandson of General Lincoln, of Revolutionary fame. We are invited to make our resting-place at the home of Peter E. Vose, Esq., the next man in age to Mr. Allan. This has been a day of pleasing events long to be remembered.

There is no lodge of our Order in the village, and none of the citizens hold membership in any lodge. The Masonic fraternity is quite largely represented here. Rev. Mr. Whittier has been appointed chaplain in several of the Grand Bodies. Two happy weeks have passed, and we must now bid our friends and townsmen adieu, and prepare to depart. Here is Mr. Lyman K. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner with a two-seated carriage in waiting to convey us to

PEMBROKE.

It is a five-miles drive over a rough, hilly road. We are at the store of E. Wilder & Son, at the West Village. Mr. Bela Wilder recognizes his old friend, and leads the way to the house. How familiar that female voice sounds! It is the aged mother of two sons, whose strong arms support her in her declining years. She leads the way to the sitting-room. Here I look upon the old wall decorations. Our mission to this town is to make the acquaintance of members of George Washington Lodge, No. 123, which was instituted March 26, 1890, by Grand Master Hon. A. S. Kimball, assisted by Grand Marshal A. L. F. Pike, Lee, and Oliver, of Calais, Mildon and Wood, of Eastport, with twenty-two members of other lodges. We are to meet with the brothers in the hall to-night and aid them in conferring the initiatory degree on twelve candidates. The lodge

has made a splendid beginning, and will make a strong pillar in the temple of Odd Fellowship in Washington County. I will be greatly pleased to have the autographs of every brother present. It will be interesting to me and other brothers of the Order to read the names of the pioneers of the first lodge organized in Pembroke. Brothers, I invite you to write your names in my book. Here they are: J. A. Gilpatrick, J. W. Holland, Ed. E. Wilder, J. W. Hilton, E. W. Farley, Horace Hersey, Fred Laughton, A. G. Levey, Frank J. Wilder, John R. Thompson, Wm. H. Welch, Edward P. Wilder, Luther Lakin, Jr., Howard Anthony, Sullivan B. Clark, Elmer H. Knowlton, C. H. Phinney, D. C. Spofford, William A. Blackwood, and George H. Stevens. We will now leave the brothers to progress with their business.

It is Saturday morning. The mail stage left the village at an early hour. There is no public conveyance to Eastport during the day. Our plan was to spend Sunday with friends on "the Island." Brother Reader, you don't seem to understand what I mean by that expression. The town of Eastport is built on an island, the water surrounding it is Passamaquoddy Bay. We will either procure a team and drive down ourselves, or engage passage with "Cal" Gardner, the livery-stable man. He is at the other village. Yes, "Cal" will find a stowaway place for us in his

single-seated buggy, if we can be folded up like an umbrella. Here we are, tucked in as "snug as a bug in a rug." The fast-stepping horse has made the miles seem shorter than in the days of slow jogging along with the old farm horse. Here we are back again at the Bucknam House, to enjoy hours of rest for to-morrow's labors.

The steamer "Charles Houghton" is at the wharf. It will be a pleasant excursion up the St. Croix River to-day, touching at St. Andrews, N.B., and Robbinston.

The steamer has made a quick run. The tide is favorable for going above the Ledge, and we shall soon reach the upper landing. This is

CALAIS, THE BORDER CITY.

Many changes have been wrought since my last visit. Our first business will be to find Brother W. H. Nichols, treasurer of the St. Croix Cotton Mills Corporation. He was superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad Repair Shops, at Waterville, sixteen years ago. He has been one of my warmest friends all these years past. We will follow Brother Nichols' advice about finding the members of Fellowship Lodge. The hall is in this block, up two flights. The room is small and affords poor accommodations for the lodge and encampment. I am pleased to meet Brother Nichols among the members to-night. There are

thirty-four brethren present to assist in conferring second degree upon four candidates. When the new hall, now in progress, is completed, there will be ample room for rendering the work in a more satisfactory manner. The following brothers have answered to their names at roll-call: J. W. McAllister, W. H. Nichols, R. H. Saunders, Charles L. Harris, E. C. Jackson, Thomas McCullough, George R. Gardner, Rev. A. W. C. Anderson, F. P. Dunning. We will cross the toll bridge over the St. Croix River and spend an hour with our brothers "on the other side," as they say here. This is

ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

There is no lodge in this place; but a number of brothers are members of Fellowship Lodge. We will enter this candy manufactory and speak with Brothers L. M. Robinson and George A. McAndrews.

It is time to return to Calais and board the steamer for a passage to

ST. JOHN, N.B.,

where the Grand Lodge of the Lower Provinces of B.N.A. will convene in annual session to-morrow. The sight of the city, as we are sailing up the harbor, brings fresh to my memory the time when I, in company with hundreds of others, came here

by steamer from Eastport to witness the appearing of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Since that time I have frequently visited the city. Let us walk up Prince William street, and rest awhile in Kings square. There is no lack of hotel accommodations. Some of the names are quite American,— Bangor House, Central House.

We will examine the register of Queen Hotel. Here is the name, "Henry A. Taylor, Halifax, N.S." He is Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge in this jurisdiction. I must seek him out. It was over forty years ago when I was initiated into Acadia Lodge, No. 26, at Halifax, N.S., and this same Taylor was conductor. I think he will recall the events of that night. Here is the gentleman. I will make the first advances, and see if he answers to the name of Henry A. Taylor. Brother Reader, he is the man I have been looking for. We meet for the first time after forty years' separation. Two old friends and veteran brother Odd Fellows. What a happy meeting! The advance of time, the burdens and cares of life, and the weight of many years are upon us. We have indeed seen years, and many, many solemn changes have come to us. But he is, as he styles himself, "the same old Taylor," as mirth-provoking, joke-cracking a fellow as in the days of yore. Nothing suits him better, and none can do it with less effort than he. Well, this has been one of the pleasantest and happiest meetings of

my life. Now we are ready to accompany our brother,—whom we thought to be dead, and is alive again; “he was lost and is found,”—to see the sights about the ancient city.

Our visiting cards will admit us to seats in the Grand Lodge. Brother Taylor covets the privilege to wait upon us in the anteroom and introduce us to Grand Master Wilson and the large body of representatives. We are pleased to make the acquaintance of Brothers Theo. L. Chappell, J. P. Edmunds, Hon. C. H. Skinner, J. C. P. Frazer, and hundreds of others, who extend their cordial greeting. We will remain in the city one week to attend the meetings of Pioneer, Beacon, Peerless, Siloam, and Golden Rule lodges, all of which are enjoying a good *dégree* of prosperity. At the different lodges we have met a large number of earnest, fraternal brothers: Damery, J. A. Paul, W. C. Cristie, M.D., Andre Cushing, R. B. Barnes, Joseph A. Murdock, and one hundred and fifty-six others, who have kindly placed their autographs in my book. Our time is up, we must return to Portland, Me., and thence to

PEAK'S ISLAND.

We are now justly entitled to a week of rest and recreation after our long journeyings. There is no pleasanter place to pass the time than on Peak's Island. We are just in time to step on board

the steamer "Greenwood," with Captain Dean. Clerk Webber has placed seats for us near the pilot-house that we may have an unobstructed view of points along the route. We are now passing the "breakwater," extending far out into bold water. It is a master-piece of masonry work. Here we see Forts Preble and Gorges. Fort Scammel is on this small island, known as House Island. The work of building the strong battery was commenced in 1808 and closed in 1875, for lack of appropriations by Government. We are now in full view of Jones' Landing. That large oval-roofed building is Forest City Rink, where roller-skating, in its day, was enjoyed by old and young in large measure. The building is now occupied by Gordon's toboggan chute, and other fascinating pastimes, in which large numbers of people participate. We are at the landing. Let us walk up the street. Here is the Peak's Island House, kept by Landlord Sawyer. We shall be well accommodated and satisfied with the fare he furnishes. We turn off here and keep the plank-walk. The high grounds give a grand view of the harbor, white with sails. In the channel are the war-ships of the North American squadron. We shall hear the booning of their guns at morning and night. This long building, extending far down the embankment, is Forest City Pavilion, where theatrical entertainments are given afternoon and evening. This is the en-

trance to Greenwood Garden. We have a pass from Manager Knowlton. We will enter the garden and visit the menagerie. The grounds are beautifully laid out with walks and flower-gardens. The steamer of the Casco Bay Line, in addition to the Greenwood Garden Line, make frequent trips daily, furnishing cheap and ample communication between the city and island until a late hour of the night.

We will now continue our walk up the hill. Here we are at the top. Now cast your eyes about. Look to the right. There is White Head at the upper end of Cushing's Island. You can see the Ottawa House, kept by Landlord Gibson. At the left is Great and Little Diamond islands. Both are covered with neat cottages owned by members of the Diamond Island Association. They are beautiful summer resorts. Now turn around and get a sight of the many cottages on this plot of green. They are occupied by families from Portland and visitors from cities and towns throughout New England. Here are the Rickers, the Trues, Colesworthy, Dow, Phinney, Stevens, Nelson, Foss, Crabtree, Litchfield, and members of the colony. Down by the shore, opposite White Head, are two large buildings, the headquarters of the 5th and 8th Maine Regiments, where comrades and their families spend a portion of the season in rest and recreation. In the woods are the campers' grounds,

Camp Preble, Camp Outing, Camp Casco, Camp O. M.'s and O. B.'s. They are in living order. There is music in the air among them "oft in the stilly night."

Casco Bay abounds in islands, large and small. Over the stone wall is land owned by the Brack-
etts and Stirlings, descendants of the original set-
tlers of that part of the island. Here are a num-
ber of cosey little cottages owned by parties in
Natick, Mass. We will now walk up Island
avenue and get a view along the water front.
Here are a number of large cottages. Some of
them are constructed for comfortable winter dwell-
ings. Here are the stores: Brackett Brothers and
the post-office, Littlefield & Co., Melville Morse,
J. Brewster & Co., Skillings & Brewer. Here
is the little church on the hill. This unique cot-
tage with a long flight of stairs in front is owned
by Mrs. Sarah Frye, of Portland. Here is the
high school brick building. A little beyond is
Golden Cross Hall.

We shall make Peak's our headquarters until
about the middle of August, with an outing now
and again in Cumberland County. Our first trip
is over the mountain branch of the Maine Central
Railroad, passing Sebago Lake, Cornish, and
towns along the line to where we change to the
narrow gauge road for

BRIDGETON.

Here are woollen and cotton mills. We find here industrious, thrifty farmers. I have many pleasant acquaintances among the members of old Cumberland Lodge: Brothers Gleason, Stailey, Chamberlan, Wight, Libby, Gibbs, and Douglass.

A short ride will carry us to the North Village, where Brother Bryon Kimball, P.G.M., has a large furniture manufactory; P.G. W. D. Hatch, of Ligonia Lodge, Portland, is employed in the painting department.

Here is a conveyance to take us three miles through the woods to the pretty little village of

HARRISON.

We will accept the invitation of Brother Libby to ride with him. It is the same old road I travelled years before. Here are a number of the brothers of Harrison Lodge, which was instituted March 14, 1889. Brothers, will you please stand up and be counted? Stewart, Emery, Tarbox, Hinds, Pitts, Jordan, Rose, Twitchell, Thomas, Kneeland, and John Walker. Brother Isaac F. Berry, you are from Denmark, they say? We have just time to shake hands with the boys all round and regain our seats in the wagon to return to Bridgeton, where we will attend the lodge and spend the night.

The first train leaves at an early hour; we must cut our stories short or "get left." The seats in this car are like the individual salts at the family table, each person has one to himself. We are at the Union station; horse-cars to the steam-boat landing.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LONG ROAD TO TRAVEL.

"Over and over again
My duties wait for me;
It is travel and labor and tire,
Till life's journey ceases to be."

CAN it be possible that our vacation season is over? Here is the programme: Start on journey to-morrow morning; stop in fifty-six cities and towns; visit one hundred and thirty-six lodges. It will be a ten-months' job.

We must lose no time in taking the 9.30 train over the Boston & Maine road to

DOVER, N.H.

This is a city of mills and business stir. It is not the season of the year for a large attendance at lodge meetings; but there is much to interest

visitors in such a thriving city. We shall stop at the Dover House, near the railroad station. I have the names of some of the members of Mount Pleasant Lodge whom we will call upon. The lodge hall is down the street, opposite the post-office, in the Library building. It is a large and handsomely fitted-up hall, owned in common by Mount Pleasant and Wecohamit lodges. Here are Brothers E. L. Currier, Charles Gray, Willis W. Hoyt, Reuben Nason, F. W. Stevens, Frank H. Cummings, and Wright B. Bunker. They have given us cordial greetings. If we visit the city again on the night of lodge meeting, we will spend the hour with them.

Our next stopping-place will be

MANCHESTER, N.H.

Here we are at New Market Junction. The season is far in advance of central or eastern Maine. We are entering the city. The Manchester House, under the management of my old friend, A. M. Winchester, a native of Eastport, Me., formerly proprietor of the Maine Central Railroad dining hall at Portland, will be our home. We are in one of the finest manufacturing cities in New England. It has a population of more than 40,000, runs 11,000 spindles, employs many thousand operatives. There are 266 streets and avenues laid out at right angles, four public parks, and thirty public

halls. The Odd Fellow fraternity stands prominently among the fraternal organizations. There are three lodges, Hillsborough, Mechanics, and Wilday, numbering 1,033 members. We have passed pleasant hours among the brothers at all the lodges.

Our watchword is "Go on!" The train is ready to take us through towns and villages on to

HAVERHILL, MASS.,

where the poet Whittier tells his story of the "Barefoot Boy": —

"On Haverhill's pleasant hills there played
Some seventy years ago,
In turned-up trousers, battered hat,
Patches, and freckles, and all that,
The barefoot boy we know."

This is the city of "*soles*." Making shoes is the chief occupation of all classes.

In years gone by I had the opportunity to test the friendship of scores of men who earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. I always found them with hands extended, ready to perform kind offices. Mutual Relief and Mizpah lodges number 854 members. They occupy a beautiful hall. The membership comprises the leading influential business men of the city. But I must have some of the brothers' names for a future reminder of the pleasant associations during our five days' visit among them. Here are Brothers

E. H. Nichols, the printer; Walter Ayer, the hatter; Fred S. Howard, Frank B. Emery, E. Frank Dollof, Timothy Hues, Edgar A. Russell, Charles W. Webster, C. K. Russell, M. D. Malbon, B. Frank Holbrook, and sixty-five others, who have promised to purchase a neat pocket album and place their autographs upon its pages and forward it to me by mail. At some future time I may exhibit such a highly prized token of fraternal regard. To "go over the ground clean," as the haymakers say to the boy who rakes after the load, we should circle around and compass Amesbury, Merrimac, Newburyport, Georgetown, Topsfield, and other places on the line of the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad; but we will leave them until the closing up of the happy days of our long journey. In Bible times the best wine was kept until the last day of the feast.

As this life is made up of joy and sorrow, so is our daily experience. Meeting and parting, and must it ever be? We hope not. It is no use to hang our harp upon the willow and refuse to sing, or be unhappy, because we are on board the train moving out of the station with our baggage checked for

LOWELL,

the city of spindles, the home of General Butler and other men of public note. Here Odd Fellow-

ship flourishes. There are seven lodges, with a total membership of 2,151 and two lodges of Daughters of Rebekah. Past Grand Master Hon. Francis Jewett is an active member in Oberlin Lodge. We are pleased to meet so many brothers who formerly resided in Maine. Brother W. H. Dane, of Lincoln Lodge, has shown us much attention. We have enjoyed his company this evening at Highland Lodge. We shall ever remember the courtesies shown us by Brothers Pressey, Haskell, Doyle, Bennett, Jones, Jensen, Robey, and Batterson. Brother Henry Wood, the ever faithful janitor of Odd Fellows Hall, shall have a place in our kind remembrances. The one hundred and forty-five names of the brothers with whom we have exchanged friendly greetings would fill the pages of a very large book if their autographs were after the John Hancock style of chirography. I will not occupy your time, Brother Reader, with looking over the list, as we have only ten minutes to get on board the train for

LAWRENCE,

where are cotton mills and various manufacturing establishments. There are two lodges, Lawrence and Monadnock. We meet but few brothers at the meeting of Lawrence Lodge. The membership is largely men of foreign birth. Monadnock is composed of young men, fired with zeal. We

have greatly enjoyed meeting with them to-night. This is a fine block. It is the property of the lodge, occupied by lodges, encampment, and a Rebekah degree lodge. On the second floor is a large reading-room and library. Brother Tom Watts, the janitor of the building, is the first to place his autograph in my book. He is followed by Brothers Eastman, Cole, Hooper, Henderson, Bonney, Warren, Fattershall, Chaney, Anderson, and a dozen others.

The time is drawing near for the great event in the history of Massachusetts Odd Fellowship, laying the corner-stone of the Odd Fellows Home at

WORCESTER, MASS.,

a booming city of 85,000 souls. It is the heart of the Commonwealth. The census reports show there are 1,500 or more Maine people residing within its limits, occupying positions of trust and responsibility among the successful business men and mechanics. There are five lodges, Quinsigamond, Worcester, Central, Ridgely, and Anchoria, having a total membership of 1,661. Mt. Vernon and Wachusett encampments have 700 members; Worcester, Canton, Patriarch, Militant has 125 chevaliers. Queen Esther and Noami lodges, Daughters of Rebekah, have 800 members. The lodges and encampments occupy halls on Pearl, Pleasant, and Front street, with excellent accommodations.

One of the pleasant and best appointed institutions connected with Worcester Odd Fellowship are the rooms of the Shaffner Society on Main street, a suite of three or more commodious upper rooms, in this large block, fitted up and furnished in fine style with library and reading-room, billiard hall and smoking-room. Everything connected with it is for the convenience and comfort of the members of the society,—Odd Fellows only,—who are entitled to the privileges by the payment of a regularly established entrance fee and yearly assessment. In these rooms the members of the different lodges mingle and exchange the greetings of the fraternity.

The location of the Home in Worcester, and the grand demonstration connected with the laying of the corner-stone, has awakened a lively interest in the resident members and put new life into all branches of the order, and has induced large numbers of worthy men to enter the circle of the great and honorable brotherhood.

We will make the city our headquarters for a number of weeks. I have secured nice rooms at 146 Main street. To-night we will attend the meeting of Quinsigamond Lodge. The initiatory first and second degrees are to be conferred upon His Honor Francis A. Harrington, mayor of the city. There are 230 members present. Every inch of space in the large hall is occupied. The work has been finely performed by a thoroughly

drilled degree staff, fully up to the mark of perfection, in point of accuracy.

The memorable day, October 8th, has dawned upon us. Thousands of people from all parts of the State are crowding into the city to take in or witness the magnificent pageant. The sky betokens rain, and now, just as the unbroken column of chevaliers, patriarchs, lodge members, Daughters of Rebekah, and high officials in carriages, are moving down Main street, displaying showy uniforms and regalias with banners spread, and the music of many bands floating on the air, the clouds part, and the fast falling rain reverses the programme. This is a vivid picture of human life. In the words of the Scottish bard, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

The corner-stone of the Home has been fittingly laid, and the visitors are fast leaving the city. You and I, Brother Reader, are ready to return to our beds. On the morrow we will lay out a route, and, first of all, we will take in

WESTBORO'.

Here we are in a busy manufacturing town. The lodge hall is near by the railroad station. The boys say this is "the day after," not the Concord fight; but the long march up there and back. Not very much can we expect of them after such a hard day's experience. Notwithstand-

ing the weary limbs and the drooping eyelids, we meet a goodly number at the lodge, with Brother George L. Smith, Noble Grand, to despatch the business. The evening has passed pleasantly. Hockomock Lodge exhibited a noticeable character among its members on the day of the grand parade in Worcester. It was the "Big Injun," a fine representation of the red-skin tribe, in savage war paint and feathers. Some of the uninitiated thought him to be a native of the wilds of Maine, for sure, when he was following the trail of the pale face brothers, watching the progress of civilization, and feeling the benign influences of friendship and love. The brothers here to-night have "let the cat out of the bag." We are surprised to learn that the bright young brother who occupies the venerable warden's chair was the self-same "Injun." We have had a jolly time among the brothers, and will not detain them with any long stories, as they are ready to close the lodge and go to their homes to make up for lost time, in the land of pleasant dreams.

Brother A. D. White, janitor of the hall, desires us to call upon him early in the morning. He will escort us about the town. We shall spend the night at the Whitney House, with Landlord W. J. Taft, a worthy brother.

We are prompt on the hour, Brother White, ready for a walk with you. We desire to join hands with every brother we may meet in our

travels. Here is George L. Smith, Noble Grand; and now we meet Brothers Achorn, Edwards, Easton, Freeman, Hasty, Turner, Leighton, Ayer, Cutting, Jordan, Tufts, Powers, Ainsworth, Bridgh, Browne, Martin, and forty others. We shall be at Lincoln square to take the 1.36 train for

MARLBORO'.

It will be quite a long journey. We have to change at Clinton Junction. The time has passed quickly. Yes, this is the hotel we were advised to stop at. It is only a step from the depot. We will register and secure comfortable quarters for the night. The hall of Marlboro' Lodge is a little way up the street. It is near the hour of meeting. Here are Brothers Hastings, Bill, Charlton, and Brigham enjoying a social game in the ante-room. They "throw up their hands" to take ours, and say, "Welcome, brothers!" This is a magnificent hall, one of the best we have entered in the State. The boys say there is no work or special business to attend to. It is decided to fill up the time with familiar talk, Brother Cook to start the ball in motion; Brothers Berry, Ed. Bryham, Andrews, Clifford, Woods, Hart, Jones, and George F. Nelson to follow.

Brother George H. Bill has consented to show us about town to-morrow, "if the rain holds off." It is a good and pleasant thing to behold the sun

this morning. We leave town to-day on the 10.30 train and go directly on to

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

Perhaps it will be well to step into the meat market and inquire of the man attired in white where we can obtain a good "square meal." It is Brother J. W. Stewart, a member of Iuka Lodge, No. 311, Kansas. He says, "Any one who knows you to be strangers will take you in." Yes, my good brother, there is many a poor fellow in this world who has been taken in among strangers. Brother Stewart makes known another fact, that "the woods are full of them." He would have us understand that there are over two hundred and thirty Odd Fellows, members of Leominster Lodge. Having supplied the wants of the inner man, we will call on Brother F. S. Farnsworth, Noble Grand, L. M. Blood, and H. E. Burrage. We will be at the hall early and speak a word with Brother W. F. Watkins, the Secretary. What has called out so many brothers to-night? Conferring degrees; official visit of the District Deputy Grand Master and suite; and the report of the committee on ways and means for fitting and furnishing the new hall now in progress of building. The hands of the clock point to twelve, and still the talk goes on, Brothers Blood, Turnbull, Haywood, Garland, and twenty-five others, express their opinions on the debatable questions.

A few miles farther on the line of the railroad we have travelled over is the city of

FITCIBURG,

a great railroad centre with many attractions. We can "take in" Mount Roulstone Lodge to-night by cutting short our stay in this place. This is my first visit to the city. Have you spent any time here, Brother Reader? It is quite a smart city, and has 22,000 population. This is a steep hill from the station. Odd Fellows Hall is in this brick block. See the "I. O. O. F." over the entrance. Here is Brother N. C. Upham's name on this sign. We will ascend the stairs and introduce ourselves to him. Very courteous and communicative, wasn't he? Brother F. L. Drury is in the grocery store on the opposite corner. He directs us to continue down the street, take the first street on the left, and call at Dr. E. Luscomb's residence. The doctor is Noble Grand this term. He answers the bell. He suspects we are in want of professional services. He will be surprised when we make known the real object of our visit. I will show him my visiting-card with the long array of lodges and signatures of secretaries indorsed on it. He will soon understand that it is not pills or physic we are wanting, but something more palatable to the taste and less troublesome to retain on the stomach. He assures us, with his open right hand, that there

will be no difficulty in gaining admission within the walls of Mount Roulstone Lodge to-night. We will now call at the machine-shop and see Brother F. E. Brown, secretary of the lodge, and Brother F. D. Tuttle, permanent secretary, at the railroad freight-office.

There is a large attendance of brothers at the lodge; over eighty have taken seats in the hall before the lodge is open. There is a lively interest in conferring the third degree. Past Grand G. C. F. Gillis is master of ceremonies, assisted by brothers of the degree staff. The work has been rendered in a manner not excelled by any lodge in the State which we have visited. There were a number of new features introduced in dramatic work which I have never witnessed before; and the occasion has been one of rare enjoyment to me. Does it strike you that way, Brother Reader? Brothers Osgood, French, Strout, and forty others of you, please place your names in my book.

We have only a step across the street to the Drury House. We must be up "betimes" in the morning to take the first train for

CLINTON.

This must be a local-option town or city, if I am able to interpret the meaning of the word "lager." Everything about the town exhibits signs of business activity and thrift. To start

right we must "get advices" from a brother Odd Fellow. I remember now the name of one mentioned by a brother of Ridgely Lodge. Here it is on the sign, in front of this jewelry store—"Joseph F. Bartlett." We will enter and try him. He answers the challenge with hand and voice. We have found a brother and a friend. There is "a ring" in almost all lodges, so it is said. It would be a strange thing if we did not find a ring in a jewelry store. Here seems to be one made up of Brothers Bartlett, James, A. C. Adams, E. P. Sawtell, S. W. Tyler, Warren Goodale, and S. Rolla Carter. It is best to go on the street, invite more brothers, and make the ring larger. Here are Brothers F. A. Sawyer and A. E. Jewett, knights of the razor. This is a very respectable ring. It is studded with the precious stones of

"F. L. T."

There are two lodges in the city, Lancaster and Clinton, each doing work in advancing the cause of the Order, growing in membership, and prosperous. We shall remain in town a few days, and make a business of interviewing the brothers. While I am taking a stroll about town, you, Brother Reader, can make yourself comfortable in the hair-dressing rooms over the post-office, and place yourself in the hands of the scientific tonsorial artist, Brother Jewett. Brother

Sawyer, the proprietor, sends you his compliments.
He says: —

“ Draw near, my friend, and listen to it,
The wonders of ‘ Al.’ E. Jewett;
He shaves so clean and cuts so nice,
Will brush you down in just a trice,
With water hot and razors keen;
Walk in, my friend, he’ll shave you clean.”

Well, Brother Reader, we have been separated for some little time. I am curious to know how you fared at the hands of the knight of the razor. Shaved you clean, didn’t he?

“ So clean he’ll shave, that you will find
Not even the skin he’ll leave behind.”

I have “ struck a bonanza.” See! here are one hundred and thirty-seven names of brothers who have purchased copies of “ Binding of the Links.”

You are at liberty to look the list over at any time; but we must bid adieu to the good brothers and return to Worcester, again to leave a pleasant home and part with kind friends, to make a continuous journey into the western section of the State, stopping first at

MILLBURY, MASS.,

six miles out, on the line of the Boston & Albany road. The icy streets remind us that “ the wicked

stand on slippery places." I will engage a passage with the mail-carrier. He says we will find "a Hood feller" in the laundry, around in Post-Office square. I will rap on the door. Hark! a voice within calls, "Who comes there?"—"We are pilgrims and strangers, in search of food and a comfortable shelter for the night." It is Brother Stone, Noble Grand. He is leading the way to an inn. Do you see that bright light, Brother Reader, on the opposite side of the street, shining through the transparency, bearing the words, "Morning Star Lodge, I.O.O.F. Welcome Visitors"? Here are a few of the faithful gathered in the audience-room at this early hour. They little expected to have visitors come into their circle to-night. Small attendance; no work or special business to occupy the time. Albeit there are seeming discouragements, the meeting has been one of interest to all present. It has been what a family should be,—harmonious, and every member active in promoting brotherly love and the welfare of his fellow-man. Let us have your hands, Brothers Maxwell, Powers, Edgar S. Stone, Scarles, Dean, Cudworth, Bolster, Barron, Van Ostrand, Goss, Coffin, and a dozen others, before we separate for the night.

While stopping at Worcester, I met a stranger standing on the corner of Main and Front streets, one pleasant September day. On his vestment were the modest three golden links. I had no

difficulty in ascertaining his name, his place of residence, and his occupation. It was Brother J. M. Newton, a worthy Odd Fellow. He was greatly interested in the grand event then soon to take place,—laying the corner-stone, in which, he said, “The members of Good Will Lodge will take an active part.” He invited me to visit the stirring town of

SPENCER.

It is on the direct line of the railroad, a few miles from Millbury. Will you accompany me, Brother Reader? I remember Brother Newton’s saying that he occupied the office over the post-office, with A. W. Curtis, Esq. This is a “pointer” for us. We have only to find out in what direction the post-office is from the railroad station, and we will come out all right. Here are the names on the door, “A. W. Curtis, Attorney-at-Law; J. M. Newton, Deputy Sheriff.” We are in a way to obtain legal advice, and be taken care of should we go wrong. I will break the ice and address the gentleman seated at the desk. “Is this Mr. Curtis?”—“That is my name. What do you desire?”—“We are members of the ‘chain gang,’ and desire to find the headquarters of Good Will Lodge.” Ah! this is not only Lawyer Curtis, but a brother and a friend. He directs us to the house of Mrs. Slayton, a Daughter of Rebekah, where we may be accommodated with agreeable entertainment.

Now we are well fixed, and free to look about the town. Here is "the largest shoe manufacturing establishment in the world," so they say. It is near the hour for lodge meeting. Here are fifty or more brothers in the hall, and more to follow. Here is District Deputy Grand Master C. E. Olney and suite. They have come to inspect the work. The staff are preparing to confer the second degree. It is past eleven o'clock, and the business of the lodge is not finished. Brother Reader, you and I had better retire; we may be locked out for the night. Yes, the door is bolted. I will ring the bell. There is no response. Ring again. I hear footsteps. It is the voice of a female speaking. She asks, "Who are you? Where do you come from at this late hour of night?" I will give her a token. It is all right. "The door is open," she says; "enter, patriarchs." The rising-bell has not a welcome sound this morning, when one is so tired and weary with the toils of life.

" What though we're tired, my heart and I?
It matters not, there's more to come;
We must live on, we cannot die,
Must rise and gird our armor on."

- I have left my book containing the autographs of Brothers Curtis, Knowlton, White, Bacon, Watson, J. M. Newton, and twenty-five others, in the hall. I must hasten and get it before we go to the station to take the train for

WARREN.

It has been a short and pleasant ride. Here we are in the heart of the village. The direction in my note-book reads: "Call at Tarbell Brothers, clothing, on Main street." Here is the place. This young man must be Mr. George E. Tarbell. He answers to the name. He introduces us to Brothers D. E. Grand, E. L. Fosket, and H. S. Howe. This must be the headquarters for the brothers. I have a constant reminder — a corn — that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." So we will be content to rest until the shades of night appear and the lights burn brightly in the lodge hall. It is a neat, cosey room, fitted up in the third story of the town hall. There is no work to-night, and but few members present. We are pleased to meet such warm-hearted brothers as Holly, Price, Nash, Adams, Graham, Pendergrast, Sime, Sweetzer, Moore, Nichols, Drake, and Smith.

It is morning. We are told to "Make haste! speed! stay not!" for the train is moving out of the station. It is the train that will take us to

PALMER.

The adage, "a miss is as good as a mile," may be consoling when one has had a hairbreadth escape from being killed; but this getting on board the train "by the skin of the teeth" is not at all a

pleasant or a safe thing to do; but, thanks to a kind Providence, we are here all right, and are rushing along at full speed. The journey has been pleasant and safe. It is dangerous crossing this net-work of rails and sleepers while puffing locomotives are moving about in every direction. There is a safe way by the overhead bridge, a few steps below the station. Let us inquire at this store for Brother C. A. Royes. He recommends us to Brother Harraman's house for comfortable lodgings. Brother H. is a member of Hampden Lodge, Springfield. We will find excellent fare at Brother George F. Hill's restaurant down the street, near the railroad crossing. Brother W. B. Ham will show us about the town. The first store we enter is Ed. Goodie's, the man of soles; a whole-souled Odd Fellow he is, too. Here are Brothers McQuid, Patrell, and Harrison. We will continue down the street, call at all the stores and shops, and speak a word with Brothers Clark, Marcy, Millard, Robinson, Conant, Richardson, and a host more of them. It is now time to return for dinner. Here is Brother and Mrs. Bennett, the guests of Brother Hill, from Keene, N.H. Our work in this town is about finished. We will look inside the lodge hall, and take in its length and breadth.

We have had fifteen miles' ride this beautiful morning. Soon we shall arrive at the emporium of Western Massachusetts,

SPRINGFIELD.

Odd Fellows block is in the upper part of the city. We can readily find C. W. Mutell & Co.'s headquarters. It is in the Odd Fellows building. Here is the new post-office building. I see Brother Mutell's office from this corner. We will walk over. Good-morning, Brother Mutell; glad to meet you. Allow me to introduce you to my brother and friend, Mr. Reader. We are here for the purpose of taking in all we can that is good in your booming city. Our first business is to secure a comfortable home. Brother Mutell recommends the Vendome. That name is high-sounding to us; but we will accompany the brother who kindly offers to escort us to the house and introduce us to Mrs. Blackman, the landlady. We are assigned pleasant rooms.

I have business at the Western Union Telegraph office. Here is Grand Master Henry Denver. He recognizes me as the veteran Odd Fellow who was introduced to the Grand Lodge in this jurisdiction, February 13, 1890, by Grand Instructor Price. There are four flourishing lodges in the city: Hampden, Amity, Morning Star, and De Soto. We shall remain here a week, or longer, and visit them all. Hampden, Amity, and Morning Star lodges occupy the hall in Odd Fellows building. De Soto has a hall farther down the street. This is my first visit to lodges

in this city. I have been greatly interested in the work of conferring the second degree this evening. There were one or more of the members of the original degree staff of De Soto Lodge on the floor.

I ask a favor of the brothers to place their names in my book. Grand Master Henry Denver is the first. Here follows A. L. Pease, Noble Grand; S. W. White, Secretary; John Lobsitz, Treasurer; F. A. Barbour, V. L. Owen, M.D., Frank L. Leonard, Fred H. Colton, Past Grands; and a number of others. If we had the time we could gather sufficient statistics to fill a volume equal in size to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I had in mind the name of Rev. Marion Crosley, formerly pastor of the Church of the Messiah, Portland, Me., now settled over the Universalist church in this city. We will visit him at his home before leaving this morning.

We can pass an enjoyable evening with the members of Tokoa Lodge,

WEST SPRINGFIELD.

It is a short ride on the street-cars to that town. Here are a goodly number of the brothers. They have come from the labors of the day: engineers, firemen, mechanics, workmen in machine-shops, foundries, and various places of industry. They are men possessing honest hearts. Brother

Seymour is the first to head the list. He is followed by A. A. Lewis, E. F. Brann (formerly of Gardiner, Me.), C. A. Palmer, E. A. Adams, N. A. Tinkham, and Robert G. Peterson. We are greatly obliged to the brothers for their kind attention.

This is an off night for lodge meetings in the city. We had better follow the suggestion of Grand Master Denver, and go to

CHICOPEE FALLS.

The weather is not propitious for a large attendance at Chicopee Lodge; but this seems to be the only opportunity for visiting the brothers in that village. We go by train. The lodge hall is up the street, near where the light is shining. Here comes the janitor with a lantern and keys. He will open the door. He asks our names and where we come from. Brother Markman gives us a cordial welcome, says he is afraid there will not be many of the brothers out to-night; there is no work. He has despatched a messenger to go out into the "highways and hedges" to invite the brothers to come in that we may have a happy meeting. See! Before the hour for opening the lodge, there are many more brothers present than often "show up" in lodges with fourfold larger membership than it, unless it be at a banquet. The brothers, one and all, have done their part toward filling to the brim our cup of joy. Such

acts of good-will as these brothers have performed go far toward smoothing the rough places along life's highway. In order that we may not get them mixed with the hundreds of others, I will ask "the boys" to give me their autographs. R. D. Earle, T. E. Bigelow, W. H. Hamilton, L. I. Gibbs, Thos. J. Schofield, James H. Loomis, J. Cowperthwaite, L. R. Wright, Thomas Edwards, and Geo. D. Bartlett.

We are now about to make our last visit to lodges in this part of the State. It is a cold, rainy day, November 17. We would gladly remain in our comfortable quarters in the city; but every day brings its labors and responsibilities. We feel obliged to journey on to

WESTFIELD,

a town of wide-spread reputation among Odd Fellows in the New England States. Here is the home office of the Odd Fellows' Fraternal Accident Association of America. Brother H. N. Kingsbury is secretary and treasurer of the association. He is also Noble Grand of Woronoco Lodge. We will call at his office. The lady at the desk says, "Brother Kingsbury started for Springfield a short time ago, by private team, in company with a friend, to hear Professor Stanley speak this evening." It would be pleasant to find comfortable quarters where we could rest until the

hour of lodge meeting. Here is an Odd Fellow; we will make our wishes known to him. He says, "If you do not care to put up at the Metropolitan, home-like accommodations can be had for the night at number 27 Main street, Mrs. Smith's boarding-house. We will inquire. Yes, Mrs. Smith and her daughter will furnish us with the best their house affords. Who could do more? What is more enjoyable for a man who has seen years and experienced many changes, away from his home and family, than a seat in the large rocking-chair facing the bright open fire, with interesting literature at hand?

There is a small attendance at the lodge. Vice-Grand James L. Smith conducts the business of the meeting. It will be pleasant to read the names of the brothers who have received us so cordially. I will detain them a few moments at the close of the meeting and request them to use the pen. Here, Brother Henry Randall, please start the ball. Next come Dr. Caswell, Wm. Alstram, Wm. McGiven, H. B. Norton, L. H. Dicky, H. S. Pierce, F. P. Coase, F. W. Bosworth, and James L. Smith. Westfield Lodge meets on Friday night; but we cannot visit the brothers at this time, as we must return to Springfield this morning, after calling upon Brother Kingsbury. Mrs. George Smith, our landlady, desires to place her name in my book. We are pleased to have its pages graced by the name of the hospitable "mother in Israel."

CHAPTER XVII.

LITTLE RHODY, AND HOMEWARD
BOUND.

WE will purchase tickets at this station for a through passage to

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Our route is over the same ground as we travelled all the way from Worcester. It is the fast express. We shall make but few stops on the way. This is Woonsocket. A short time will bring us to our objective point. Here we are, entering the station. We will cross the square and walk up Exchange street. It is near the hour for supper. Let us go into this dining-room. Here is my good brother, Lindsay Anderson, looking as he did years ago. He has changed his quarters. I think the present location is better than the other up on the street. Here is Brother Peter Trumpler, Deputy Grand Master of the jurisdiction.

We will find excellent fare at Brother Anderson's tables. We have secured comfortable rooms up town. Now everything is all right for business.

There are nineteen lodges in the city and suburbs, with over 2,600 members. Two lodges meet on Monday night, seven on Tuesday, four on Wednes-

day, three on Thursday, and three on Friday. Six of the lodges meet in Odd Fellows Hall, 97 Weybosset street. There are other halls: one at 192 and one at 146 Westminster street, in the Conrad building, in Lyceum building, at 373 High street, at 18 Chalkston avenue, in Unity Hall, South Providence, in Academy avenue, in Elks Hall, and in North Main street. We will need a guide to find them all.

This is Wednesday evening. Roger Williams Lodge meets at 97 Weybosset street. We will go there. Perhaps I may see some of my brothers of former days. Yes, here is Brother W. H. T. Mosley, treasurer of the lodge. He still holds the offices of Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe in the Grand bodies. Past Grand Master Lindsey Anderson is always present, and just as interested in the affairs of the lodge to-day as when I met here years ago. We are pleased to make the acquaintance of George T. Kilner, Noble Grand.

Let us look over the names of the lodges we have visited: Roger Williams, Eagle, Olive Branch, Canonicus, Hope, James Wood, Swarts, Pilgrim, North Star, Friendly Union, Westminster, Manufacturers', and Mayflower. I have two hundred and sixty-three autographs of the brothers. Here are some of them: Wm. R. Dutemple, P.G.M.; Eugene H. Lincoln, P.G.M.; Lester S. Hill, P.G.M.; Hollis M. Coombs, P.G.M.; Edwin A. Beasley, P.G.P.; Fred A. Gay, F. C. Balcom.

We cannot soon forget the enjoyable hour we passed in Pilgrim, Swarts, James Wood, and Westminster lodges. The boys of Pilgrim Lodge, on the hill, made our visit one of pleasure. They were "glad to have us come." Although but few in numbers, they possessed hearts throbbing with kind emotions. Please examine the list of names of the brothers present that evening: Hoffers, Cook, Gore, Robinson, Addy, Martin, Tyler, Fenner, Homer, Cox, and Lewis.

I was glad to meet so many of the brothers of Swarts Lodge who remembered me so kindly at the time of my visit among them three years before: Giddings, Wilson, Devon, Griswold, Johnson, Wood, and others. Do you remember the jubilee "the boys" of Westminster Lodge had the night we met them in Conrad building? They took the business into their own hands. There were thirty-five present. Brother W. A. Viall sat me down near the secretary's desk, and took possession of the contents of my grip. He declared he would not leave a copy of "Binding of the Links" unsold. He was as good as his word, for before the Noble Grand called the lodge to order every book was disposed of, and he had orders for more copies to be filled the next day.

When such brothers as Johnson, Gardner, Hölt, Cranston, Potter, Creswell, and thirty others get started on a raid, it requires something more than an average stripling to stop them. It was on the

evening of December 2d when James Wood Lodge had the brothers of Swarts and Park Hill lodges for its guests, in the beautiful Academy Hall. The spread furnished by James Wood was befitting an embassy of dukes and lords. Brothers Colvin, McCarthy, Doten, James, and Past Grand Master Coombs entertained the jovial company with pleasing talk. We have nearly finished up our work in this city. It is best for us to visit that other younger blooming city of

PAWTUCKET.

The horse-cars will take us near the hall of Good Samaritan Lodge. I remember meeting with the brothers in 1882. Yes, here is the same room I was in eight years ago. Here is the big stove, and the seats along the wall where the boys sat and enjoyed their smoke. Here are the stairs leading up to the hall above. Everything comes fresh to my memory. I wonder if any of these brothers standing by the stove will remember me. I will introduce myself to them. Here are Brothers Fisk, Washburn, Barney, Stoddard, Davenport, Eastman, Peterson, and fifteen others. Some of the younger ones have come in since I was here. It is election of officers. Brother Charles Barnes is Noble Grand. There does not appear to be very much fighting for the offices. The warden has about all that there is to do in

casting the ballot of the lodge. The business of the meeting has been quickly despatched, and we are just in time to take the car back to Providence.

We have made our last visit to lodges in this city. We will go to Pawtucket to-night and meet with the brothers of Enterprise Lodge. The streets will be in better condition for pedestrians than when we travelled them one week ago. The hall of Enterprise Lodge is down the street in that tall brick block with the clock on the tower. We are a little early, but the door is not locked. Here is a dim light. It will be nice and comfortable by the hot coal fire. We have a good view of this part of the city by gaslight. The post-office building is being remodelled and greatly improved. Listen! I hear footsteps on the stairs. The door opens. It is Brother P. A. Moon, also Azariah Fiske, G. M. Woodward, L. F. Butler, Noble Grand, and a dozen others. It is election of officers. Quite an interesting and animated time. We should be pleased to remain with you, brothers, but circumstances make it necessary for us to retire before the lodge is regularly closed. This is our last night in Rhode Island. We are sorry to leave the State and the many kind brothers whom we have met. We hope to meet you and hundreds of others again before many winters have passed. Good-night, brothers! We will return to our headquarters, take account of stock,

speak the parting words with whatever brothers we may chance to meet, and take the early train for

TAUNTON, MASS.

This is a city of 25,448 population, with numerous furnaces and many manufacturing establishments. We find but few loafers about the street-corners here. All who have a disposition to work can find employment. The people are of the stirring kind. "Progress" is their watchword. I have no personal acquaintances in the city. The only name that would sound familiar, if I should hear it spoken, is Leander Gifford, permanent secretary of King Philip Lodge. In 1882 I sent out sample copies of the "Odd Fellows' Register" to the secretaries of lodges throughout the New England States. In response to my request for brothers of lodges to interest themselves in increasing the circulation of the "Register," I received a letter from Brother Gifford, of this city, enclosing a list of subscribers and a money-order for the payment of the yearly subscription. This created a friendly correspondence, and frequent letters passed between us. The "Register" was favored from time to time with interesting communications on matters connected with Odd Fellowship in its different branches.

I do not know where to find the brother; but I do not apprehend there will be any great diffi-

culty in the matter. Here is a grocery store. The names on the sign are "Gifford & Horton." We may be able to learn the whereabouts of the Gifford we are in pursuit of. Just so! The young man says, "Leander is my father." He is a machinist, employed by a large manufacturing company. His house is on Cohannet street. I really believe I shall know the brother at sight. That is the gentleman advancing towards us. "Is this Brother Gifford I address?"—"Yes, sir, that is my name."—"Well, to go farther, do you remember the name of the editor of the 'O. F. Register,' when that journal was published in Portland, Me.?"—"Oh, yes. It was Brother Kilby."—"You now have him by the hand." We follow him to the house near by. This is the home of a kind brother and his wife, a Daughter of Rebekah. He says we are to make it our home while we remain in the city. A quiet rest on the sofa before the fire will conduce more to the comfort and enjoyment of a weary traveller suffering from a torturing headache than wandering about the streets of a strange city. Good Samaritan Lodge meets this evening. We have Brother Gifford to show us the way and introduce us. Here are a wide-awake lot of "boys." Brother W. F. Jennsine is round among them. He is preaching a short sermon to Brothers Vinecombe, Winslow, Porter, Whitters, Elliott, and others. There is work in conferring the second and third

degrees on a number of candidates. We will not remain late. "Brother Jenmsine, you will please convey our kind regards to the brothers in open lodge, and invite as many of them as can make it convenient to attend King Philip Lodge, Thursday evening." We agree to give them a pleasing entertainment. "Brother Gifford, we are prepared to retire with you to find rest under the patriarch's tent." This is a disagreeable, rainy morning. Our plans for "doing the town" are frustrated. Perhaps we may dodge out between showers and see some of the brothers. Here is Frank P. Elliott, A. W. Hall, J. C. Barstow, L. S. Walker, C. E. Jones, and S. H. Soule. I have the names of forty-seven in my book.

Glad to see the clouds rolling by; we shall have a fine evening for our meeting. Brother Gifford proposes that we take a street-car and ride directly to the hall. This large number of brothers have come in to hear what you, Brother Reader, and I have to say to them. We will try to interest them. We have passed our time pleasantly in the city, have been hospitably entertained by Brother Gifford and his estimable wife and the members of their household. We must now proceed to

ATTLEBORO'.

The principal business of the town is manufacturing jewelry. The storm will greatly interfere with our taking a walk. We will make ourselves

comfortable at the Bates House until evening. Orient Lodge Hall is on Main street, in that handsome new block near the post-office. We will go over to the hall. Perhaps it may be open. No light yet. We will be just as comfortable seated on the stairs as in any other place. The door opens. I behold the face of a man under the gaslight. He is moving slowly up, up the second flight. Perhaps he is an Odd Fellow. Yes, it is Brother W. J. Newman. This is a beautiful, large hall, with first-class appointments. But there is a lack of interest among the members. The cause, they say, for it all is that there are so many secret and beneficial organizations in the town that people cannot attend them all. The burden of taxation is destroying the energy and life of those who are trying to carry the load; consequently the seats in the spacious hall are many of them vacant on lodge nights.

We are pleased to pass the evening with Brothers Edward Burtonwood, John Slater, S. E. Amesbury, and M. F. Ashley. We hope to visit them again when the sun of prosperity shines more brightly, to cheer them in their work.

We take the first train this morning and go to

NORTH ATTLEBORO'.

This is a branch road for the accommodation of the two villages. They are also connected by the electric road. It has been a quick run. Here

are hotels on each side of the street. This is Odd Fellows block. There seem to be changes going on; carpenters and masons are at work. I will inquire of the man on the staging inside. He says the building is being enlarged to make room for a public hall and municipal offices. We are at liberty to look over the premises. The lodge hall is up two flights. It will not be easy climbing over the *débris* up the temporary stairs. I think we can gain further information in some of the law or doctors' offices. What name is this? "Dr. Kilby's office." As sure as I live, Brother Reader, this is Cousin Henry S. Kilby, a native of Eastport, Me. I remember, now, he is a practising physician in this village.

It is drawing near to twelve o'clock. There are a number of familiar faces among those wall decorations. We have our choice of reading from the large supply of interesting literature. Listen! I hear heavy footsteps in the passageway. We meet. He is the same boy whom I used to see in his childhood's home, away down East, years ago. Brother Reader, allow me to introduce you to the doctor, the elder son of Mr. William H. Kilby, well known in Boston as agent of the International Steamship Line. You have frequently read "Quoddy's" writings in the "Eastport Sentinel." We are very fortunate to secure such comfortable accommodations at the Jackson House, only a few steps from the hall.

Brother John S. Jackson is a member of Excelsior Lodge, Foxboro'.

The lodge-room is in a state of chaos; preparations are being made for reconstruction and grand improvements. The condition of things does not put the boys out in the least. They have three candidates for the first degree, and the work will be performed, even if the floor is minus a carpet; and the general appearance of things shows that it is the spring house-cleaning time. Here are Brothers Hamilton, Cummins, Shaw, Thompson, White, Derry, and others, earnest in the work of getting things ready for business. The Vice-Grand of Orient Lodge is present. He has invited the degree staff of Aurora Lodge to occupy the hall of his lodge next week when conferring the second degree on the candidates. The lodge has voted to accept the invitation. It is a late hour of the night. The landlord of the Jackson House is awaiting our return.

We have time this morning to enjoy a short drive about the village with the doctor. We will take the noon train for Mansfield Junction, where we change cars for

FOXBORO',

a busy manufacturing village, six or eight miles away. Here are shoe and straw shops. It is also quite a farming district. In sight of the railroad

station is a neat, home-like boarding-house, kept by Brother Smith, a Maine man. He is a member of Livermore Falls Lodge. We have again fallen into the hands of a kind friend.

As there are few attractions in the street, we will remain indoors and rest until evening. The hall is some distance up the street, not far from the church on the hill. Excelsior Lodge has a small and scattered membership. The work of sustaining the organization falls upon a few earnest brothers. This is a neat, cosey hall, fitted up in good taste.

It was expected that the second degree would be conferred on one candidate to-night, but he has failed to put in an appearance. The time will not run to waste, as there are a number of good talkers present. They are known, and their names will be announced by the secretary as fast as they enter the hall. Here they come: J. W. Richardson, George Foster, F. S. Lane, C. V. Stiff, J. H. Dow, A. Smith, W. C. Goodwin, J. M. McLeod, H. Dadkin, G. F. Jolbert, N. S. Small, G. B. Nickerson, C. A. Smith, and C. G. Hodges. It has been one of the lively meetings of the season. We are ready to go with Brother Smith, and be laid away for sleep and pleasant dreams until the breaking of another day. Now we hear the call for breakfast. Again we clasp the hand of a brother and friend. The good-bys are spoken. The train moves on.

Our next point is

WALPOLE,

a busy manufacturing town. We have to take a carriage to the hotel, as it is quite a distance from the station. It has been a pleasant ride, and we are happy in the assurance of a safe arrival at the inn.

The village is half a mile up the street, so the landlord informs me. We will rest awhile before taking the walk through the mud.

What is that I hear you speaking of, landlord? "There is to be a big gathering of Odd Fellows at the house to-night; visitors from Norwood, members of Tiot and neighboring lodges. The degree staff is coming to work for Reliance Lodge. They will have supper here after lodge work."

This will be a grand opportunity for us. If you, Brother Reader, will give me the support of your right arm, I will try to walk up the street to the village and see whom we can find that will answer to the name of an Odd Fellow. We will inquire at this clothing store. The young man, Hartshorn, says Mr. Arthur W. Cram is the proprietor. He is engaged at the selectmen's room in the Town House, on the opposite side of the street. I will go over and enter the council of the "Town Fathers." Mr. Cram will be with us shortly. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance. This is

the programme for the evening. We shall be happy to have you and your associate come in with us and enjoy the courtesies we extend to our brothers from the neighboring lodges to-night."

The hall is in the post-office building. It is near the hour for meeting. We have quite a long walk, and it is raining. We had better be moving along. Here is quite a gathering of brothers at this early hour. They are filing into the hall in double column. It is a pleasing sight, such a large number of Odd Fellows, one hundred and fifty brothers seated around the hall. The work has been admirably performed. It is nearing the hour of eleven o'clock. Now we take up our line of march to the hotel. Landlord Rector stands at the open door to show his guests the way into the dining-hall. The *menu* brings an approving smile from the company of stalwarts. All have freely discussed the subject laid before them, and the long-felt want has been fully satisfied. The visiting brothers are preparing to depart. They will be experiencing a disagreeable ride over bad roads in the rain, while you and I, my brother, are peacefully sleeping in the comfortable beds provided by our kind host and brother, Rector. We will heed the call of the breakfast bell. The carriage is in waiting at the door to convey us to the station. We have half an hour or more to wait before the train leaves for

FRANKLIN.

I will thank you to purchase the tickets, while I arrange the names of the brothers who kindly placed their autographs in my book in the banquet hall last night. There was so much confusion I had not time to attend to it. I will get them in alphabetical order, as near as possible. First is A. E. Arnold, then Eugene Bonney, E. S. Babb, Arthur W. Cram, Frank C. Coburn, Geo. Coburn, Edward Everett, Charles H. Evans, C. W. Faulkner, Elmer Fisher, Frank A. Gay, Robert B. Graves, W. H. Healy, C. H. Huff, Charles O. Hall, P. H. Joyce.

The train is coming. We have less than one hour's ride. Here is the station. I will inquire of the baggage-master where we can find a hotel in the village near Odd Fellows Hall. He says, "The Darling House is handy; just up on the street, and is a tip-top house." The name sounds inviting; I think we had better look it up. The small boy says, "I'll show you the place, mister, for a nickel." Here, my boy, take this grip and move along. We have only turned the corner, and there is the sign—Darling House. "Mr. Landlord, we desire supper, lodging, and breakfast."—"Please register, gentlemen." There is the Odd Fellows Hall on the opposite side of the street. I am going to make a few inquiries

of the landlord, as I see the mysterious link on his vestments. Yes, he is our brother, a Past Grand in King David Lodge, which meets to-night. The janitor of the hall boards at the house; we can accompany him to the hall. There is no work, and but few brothers present. Among those who are so earnestly discussing matters connected with the future event are E. A. Mason, A. M. Willard, S. E. Sargent, C. P. Johnson, J. O. Sanborn, E. B. Way, Geo. M. Whipple, and P. A. Briggs. This has been a short session. We return to our pleasant quarters at a much earlier hour than usual when attending lodge meetings. This is a beautiful, sunny morning. We must bid our hospitable Brother Darling and other kind friends adieu, and board the train for

CANTON.

We change cars at Canton Junction, and make a short run to the village. There are no hotels in the place, and only one boarding-house. The best accommodation offered is at the boarding-house, a short distance from the railroad station.

The hall of Blue Hill Lodge is in the large block on Main street. This is a manufacturing town. It is here Mr. Morse makes his celebrated "Rising Sun Stove Polish." It is a stirring business place.

There are men standing in front of the entrance

to Odd Fellows Hall. Let us walk over and find them out. Here are the customary stairs to climb. This is the anteroom. Open this door and you will see a neat, cosey hall, where the brothers enjoy themselves in social greetings. Let us see if they will enlarge "the ring" to take us in, that we may become better acquainted with the jovial fellows: Ed. Fuller, Fred. P. Drake, C. F. Coleman, John Tate, F. H. Messer, O. D. Capin, Thomas L. Ray, Henry C. Davis, and others. There seems to be no objection, as they take us by the hand and join in singing, "Brothers of our friendly order, Honor here asserts her sway." We have passed an enjoyable evening among the brothers, and received their gracious benediction. I gladly accept the proffered support of the strong arm of this good brother to assist me over the rough road.

There are services at the chapel. We have a full view from this window of the immense crowd that is moving along the street. Some are in carriages, some in two-wheel vehicles, and hundreds on foot. They are on their way to sacredly celebrate the memory of the holy saint.

We have the day before us. I think the atmosphere will be more genial in Boston, where the force of the wind is broken by high walls of brick and mortar, than out here in the country. It is now past ten o'clock. We have waited until the appointed hour, and we shall now go to the station

and continue on to Boston, and pass the day with Brother Boise on Bowdoin street.

The day is past and gone. The shades of evening are coming apace. We will walk up by the State House, cross the Common, and make a short cut to the Providence depot, and go to

HYDE PARK,

a smart, fast-growing manufacturing city with 10,193 population. The hall of Forest Lodge is up town on Main street. We will cross the street here and enter. Here are Brothers J. H. Tucker-
man, Jr., and J. C. Hanscom. They have a look of surprise while they are examining the list of lodges and secretaries' indorsements on our visiting-card, but are earnest in their words and handshakings of welcome.

Forest Lodge numbers nearly 200 members. It has done a large amount of work the past term. There is no special business to be attended to this evening, but the brothers are all interested in the great mission of the Order. We have been well entertained by the remarks of Brothers Munroe, Titcomb, Fellows, Bartlett, Wetherbee, Tibbitts, the Doctor, Stevens, and others. It is near the hour for the last train for Boston. There is always a place for an Odd Fellow to lay his weary head when he has "got left" by too close attention to lodge meetings. So we

will follow the lead of Brother George M. Gardner and find comfortable lodgings for the night. To-day we will return to the Hub and spend a few hours among old friends before settling in our headquarters at Malden. Hotel Malden, under the excellent management of Mrs. Mary E. Smith, will be our home while we remain in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEARING THE LAST MILESTONE.

BROTHER READER, we have passed a very enjoyable week among our friends in this city of stir and pleasing attractions. Our visits to Middlesex and Malden lodges have been pleasant events. It will be well for us to lay out our route for the coming week and take a fair start Monday morning. Here is my programme. You can look it over and suggest such changes as you think proper.

ARLINGTON

will be our first stopping-place. We have to go to Boston and take the Boston & Lowell road. We are here in season to take the 6.15 train. The cars are loaded. Many people are leaving the city for the night.

The Town Hall is a few rods up the street. Odd

Fellows Hall is at the other end of the village. Our polite escort wishes us to understand that he is not a member of the Order, but he "boards with a man who is one," Mr. McLeod. It is early in the evening. We shall find it more comfortable waiting in a brother's house than wandering about the streets. Let us walk along with the gentleman. He is very kind, and offers me his arm to assist me over the rough road. We have reached the house in safety and are invited to a seat in the comfortable arm-chair. A lady and gentleman are entering the room. Our friend introduces them: "Mr. McLeod and his daughter, Miss Mary."

"Supper is ready, gentlemen," Mr. McLeod says. "Walk out and partake with us."

Thanks! But it would be violating the laws of hygiene to eat two suppers in the same evening. Please allow us to entertain ourselves with these books while you and the family are engaged in the other room.

Now we are ready to accompany you to the hall. The first brothers to greet us are Arthur L. Bacon, Charles A. Hardy, N. E. Whittier Theodore Schwamb, George A. Sawyer, Henry T. Gregory, and Albert T. Tilden. There is important business to be transacted. It is past the hour for opening the lodge. We shall have only a short time to remain before the last train leaves for Boston. We thank the brothers for their courtesies and hasten to the station. Brother McLeod will go with us.

It is 10.50. We shall remain in the city to-night and return to Malden by the early morning train.

In the early days of my life I used to hear people who daily and openly indulged in the use of the ardent tell about the "good old Jamaica and the pure Medford." I never had seen a distillery in Maine, and was quite surprised when shown one in Massachusetts. While riding through the towns adjoining the city, Malden, then a town, my friend pointed out to me an old stone building called the Distillery. We will take the horse-cars this afternoon and ride over to the town of

MEDFORD.

The hall of Harmony Lodge is a few steps from the Town House, on the corner, in the square. It is a handsome new building, owned by the lodge. I have a strong desire to meet with the brothers after hearing such flattering accounts of the lodge from one of the members in Boston last winter. The city of Malden and town of Medford are closely united. Here is the square. It is the converging point of the street-railway lines on the Malden and Medford circuit, with a branch from this point to West Medford. Here is the entrance to the hall; we ascend three flights of stairs. The janitor will admit us to the beautiful hall. It is occupied by a number of fraternal organizations. Here comes Brother Walter F. Cushing. I met

him in Boston last winter. Brother Cushing, we are glad to meet you. Please introduce us to the brothers gathered in the anteroom. Here you have them: S. W. Keene, John E. Barrows, John Clark, Warren Dowe, Wm. H. Smith, R. M. Gow, Fitch A. Taylor, Richard Booth, N. Taylor, Thomas Getchell, J. W. Copeland, Joseph E. Clark, M.D. We must bid the kind brothers adieu, and make it a point to call again when there are more present.

To-day we board the Boston & Maine train at Malden station and ride to

MELROSE.

It is a stormy day. We shall not remain in the village to-night to attend lodge. Perhaps we may meet some of the brothers on the street. Here is John Larrabec, John Grundy, F. A. Pratt, and H. B. Orcutt. Melrose Lodge has a membership of 130; but few of the brothers reside in the village. I will check the name of this lodge for our second visit.

READING

is our next stopping-place. Security Lodge, No. 208, was instituted here two weeks ago, by Grand Master Denver and suite. The place of meeting is in Red Men's Hall. It is very bad travelling, the streets are so icy. The anteroom

is filling up with brothers, earnest in the work to be accomplished this evening: conferring degrees until midnight, then comes the banquet. "We must be excused, brothers; can't afford to indulge. But you will greatly oblige us with your names. Please write them on this sheet." Jas. P. Clement, C. L. Walker, E. M. Knight, J. A. Ellison, E. F. Brooks, J. I. Gleason, George E. Gill, O. L. Martino, W. S. Bickford, L. S. Williams, C. L. Richardson, A. E. Batchelder. Thanks, brothers, for your kind favors. We wish you and the lodge long life and abundant prosperity. We must hasten to the station and return home at an early hour.

We will continue on the main line to-day and stop at

WAKEFIELD.

I well remember the first time I visited this town and spent a few days with my old friend, J. Washington Hartshorn, in 1873. Six years after, the name of the town had been changed from South Reading to its present name. It is a thriving business town. Soughegan Lodge meets in the hall across the street. We will make inquiry in this shoe-store and ascertain who on the street are members of the lodge. The proprietor of the store is Richard Britton. He is a member. Here are the names of a number of others: W. A. Cotter, J. F. Emerson, C. A. Chanerry, W. F. Spauld-

ing, S. F. Littlefield, G. H. Hathaway, and A. P. Linnell. The degree staff and a large delegation from New England Lodge, Cambridge, are present to confer the degrees. There is hardly standing room in the hall. We may be able to get a seat, but it will be after the hour for the last train into Boston when the lodge closes. It is best that we enjoy a little social chat with "the boys," and leave before the door is closed. I will ask the brothers to write their names while there is an opportunity: Frank Parker, C. F. Cushman, A. G. Andrews, G. E. Donald, Fred O. Clark, A. D. Call, Ernest Hayward, Peter —. That brother has dropped his pencil and "skipped" inside. Good-night, brothers, we have just twelve minutes to catch the next train. All aboard! We can reach the next places on our programme by horse-cars or train. It will avoid changes and considerable inconvenience if we take the horse-cars of the Middlesex Street Railway at the waiting-room. The car is marked "Through Line." We get a sight of the villages of Melrose, Wyoming, Melrose Highlands; and now we come to

STONEHAM.

Here we will rest for a while. I remember my first visit to the village in 1883. At that time I made the pleasant acquaintance of a number of brothers of Columbia Lodge. I now recall the

name of W. Ward Child, secretary of the lodge. I find his name in the Grand Lodge reports of 1890. He is one of the veteran officials in the service. The lodge hall is on the opposite side of the street. How familiar everything in the ante-room looks! Here is the same large table in the centre of the room between the square pillars. What is going on? I see the brothers are to have a social sit-down after the business is finished. This brother seems to recognize me. He says he remembers the night I visited the lodge seven years ago. I recall his name, O. F. Huntoon, and this other brother, W. H. Jones. I should like to see the secretary. He is coming down the stair. He writes his name, W. Ward Child. I would know that signature if I should see it in France. Here are the examining committee. They say, "It must be all right with a fellow who has such a batch of indorsements on his card," as we have. It is election of officers. The business has been quickly despatched, and the brothers are allowed a few moments for social chatting. Brothers Batchelder, Weston, Head, Jones, White, Hill, Hobesh, Brown, Pryor, Tupper, Allen, and others sign their names. A cordial invitation for us to remain and enjoy the festivities is extended to us. Brother Reader, we will go to

WOBURN,

a manufacturing city of 13,500 population, the "Hub" of trade and the market centre for surrounding towns.

The hall of Crystal Fount Lodge is in the large brick block down the street. I have no acquaintances here. The name of "Henry L. Andrews, job printer," is on this sign. He is permanent secretary of the lodge. We will interview him. He says, "It is near the holiday season; people are very busy; the attendance at the lodge will be small; we shall find a comfortable waiting-place at the drug-store near the hall." We shall have time to exchange greetings with the brothers before the lodge opens.

Election of officers, conferring degrees, and reports of committees will leave little time for new business. We will accept Brother Andrews' arm, and allow him to introduce us to Brothers B. J. Goodrich, Noble Grand; Cyrus Lambert, H. D. Blanchard, B. F. Morgan, and L. G. Pike, Past Grands; and Brothers Tibbetts, Sheldon, Dow, and Carney. We will take the train over the Boston & Main and reach home at 11.15.

Dear Reader, there is a city of considerable note among the shoe manufacturing places we passed by after leaving South Framingham. I remember. It is

NATICK.

It was on our list of places to visit that week, but the storm, and premonitions of a blinding headache, induced me to return to Boston. We will make a special of that city to-day.

It is a twenty-five-mile ride over the Boston & Albany Railroad. Takawambait Lodge is among the small numbers, but has 230 members, and occupies a fine hall. Shoe manufacturing is the principal business of the people. We are glad to find a resting-place within the walls of the lodge. Brothers, we have come to see you. Our names are on this card. Please read the names and examine the card. We are weary, and have but few words to say. We thank you for your cordial greeting, your pleasant words, and what our eyes behold. You will confer a favor by placing your names in this book. Brother J. W. Clem, please set the ball in motion. Walter H. Wordell will follow, then N. P. Young, Edgar Hayes, Milton E. Smith, J. Mahard, Edward H. Sweetland, F. E. Cummings, and D. J. Washburn. This has been a lively meeting. The boys are making arrangements to go to Holliston to assist in instituting a new lodge at that place. We hope to hear a good report from them. I shall hope to see some of them at Peak's Island, Me., among the Natick people on Massachusetts avenue.

We will get advice this morning in regard to the most direct route to our next objective point. It seems to have been a long way round, but we are at

BROCKTON,

all the same, a city of 27,294 souls, and a thousand times more than that number of soles. Mr. Policeman, will you please direct us to the Holbrook House? "Go up this street, take the first right on Main street, and continue on four blocks. You will see the sign." Correct. Here is the house. This young man at the desk is Mr. Charles Coleman, the proprietor. We shall find pleasant quarters here. Everything is in city style, and all looks gay under electric lights. The express company has been prompt in filling our orders. This package has come in time. Electric Lodge, recently instituted, meets to-night in Red Men's Hall, down the street, below the post-office. The hall is open. The first brother we meet is H. A. Bumpus, of Pioneer Lodge, Bridgewater. All the brothers have a kind word for us,—Bartlett, Pool, Hayes, Leonard, Hall, Barker, and others. We must go into the reception-room to pass a rigid examination by the committee. This is a grand sight, one hundred and fifty brothers, active young men, full of enthusiasm, engaged in lodge work, making new members, perfecting plans for building up a large, flourishing organization. We say,

God-speed to you, brothers. We will not occupy your valuable time to-night, but will come among you again. We will call on Brother A. F. Cushing this morning at the hardware store, and get posted on the ways about the town. This is a nicely laid out city, with many fine, large blocks. To-night Massasoit Lodge meets in Odd Fellows Hall, on the opposite side of the street from where we were last night. There are long, hard flights of stairs to climb, and plenty of ante-room space, and a large, airy hall. It is after the old style,—fine oil wall and ceiling decorations. Here is Brother John H. Holbrook. We met him at Electric Lodge last night. Wendell S. Holmes, Noble Grand, is the first brother to greet us. Thomas, Truman, Wilbur, Park, Snow, Steel, Baker, Holt, Shaw, Soule, Andrews, and many others are joining in the conversation. There are three candidates for the initiatory degree. Important business creates lengthy discussions. It is past eleven o'clock. The Noble Grand has not called for new business. We must retire. To-day we will go to

STOUGHTON.

This is a busy little village. It contains quite a number of shoe-shops. We have time to call on John N. Drake, R. B. Ward, W. F. Fuller, Gordon Southworth, John Soule, and C. H. Peffers

before evening. The hall is around the corner from the hotel. We are early, but I hear footsteps on the floor in the room above. Yes, the hall is open. There are some of the Stoughton boys we heard spoken of in our travels. It is just as Will said, they are "as full of fun as a nut is full of meat." This is a splendid hall. The degree team is busy in the paraphernalia-room. It will be very late when the lodge closes. We had better retire. I will speak with Brothers Graham, Burnham, Holman, Curtis, Rolfe, Henry Burnham, Hussey, Standish, and Cornish, while they are at leisure. Good-night, brothers! We shall long remember this pleasant meeting.

SOUTH BRAINTREE

comes next on our list. Brother W. A. Kane, whom we met at King Philip Lodge, Taunton, resides in this village. We will inquire of the gate-tender at the crossing where we can find him. "He has a store on Main street." We will dine at the hotel before our walk. Here is the hall of Puritan Lodge, just a step from the hotel. Now we will go to the store and look up Brother Kane. The man in the rear of the store breaking ice says, "He is upstairs." He hears my voice and comes down. Brother Kane, we meet again. Is that a rhyme? I will introduce you to my travelling companion, Brother Reader. He has

become pretty well acquainted with my familiar talk with "the boys," as he calls them. We don't allow a good opportunity to pass when we can spend an evening pleasantly with brothers in the lodge-room. We have accepted your kind invitation to visit Puritan Lodge to-night. If there are any brothers on the street we can see this afternoon, please direct us to where they can be found. We wait your reply. That is all right; we will wait until evening. Here are the committee come to test our proofs of membership in the order: Brothers Boyer, Tupper, Leonard, Stevens, Hathaway, Kane, Monk, and Morrill. Are you satisfied, brothers? They say they are perfectly satisfied. They are conferring the first degree on the young lawyer. He has stood the fiery ordeal manfully. No doubt but he will make a good Odd Fellow, for he has got the grit, as was said of initiates forty years ago. Brother Kane advises us to take in

SOUTH WEYMOUTH

next, as it is on the direct line of the railroad from this place. We will take this carriage and ride to the Cushing House. Here we are at the Cushing House. This is a good place for rest and reflection. Landlord, please order the 'bus to convey us to Odd Fellows Hall, at 6.30. Wilday Lodge meets to-night. Here are Brothers A. F.

Buttock, Noble Grand; M. E. Gardner, E. W. Shaw, A. L. Blanchard, Frank Burbank, and Josiah Pratt, of Hingham. It is work in the second degree. The hands of the clock are pointing to eleven. The question that interests us most is how we are to get back to the hotel; no 'bus at this hour of night; raining, muddy roads, with no light or guide. It will be like taking a leap in the dark. Brother George M. Sawyer has put an end to all anxiety. He has a two-seated carriage at the door, with a safe horse and experienced driver. How changed the prospect! The friendly chatting along the road has been pleasant and the journey safe. We will retire for a few hours' sleep. We will carry out our original plan this morning, and go on to

WHITMAN.

Everything here is strange to us. I hardly know which way to go. The village must be in this direction. We will inquire at this barber-shop, kept by James Jordan, colored. "My friend, can you inform us in which direction to find a public house?" "Come in, gentlemen, out of the rain. The village is up the street a quarter of a mile." We desire to find a comfortable place to stop as near Odd Fellows Hall as possible. "Are you folks Odd Fellows?"—"We are."—"I s'pose I am a brother member of the parent organization, Manchester Unity Odd Fellows. The color line, you know,

makes a difference, you know, with some folks. You hold on a minute, I'll speak to a member of Webster Lodge. He keeps the bakery round the corner in this building." — "We are pleased to make your acquaintance, Brother Higgins." — "My man will be here soon with the team and take you up town to a hotel." — "Thank you, brother." The hall is on Main street, a few blocks from the corner, over Peterson's periodical store. There is a G.A.R. entertainment to-night; quite a number of the brothers of the lodge will attend it. Here are Brothers Fogg, Pickett, Dudley, Clapp, Ford, Harding, Kenney, and my good brother from Belfast, Me., Ivory O. Estes. With all those wide-awake brothers, we can carry on the business and make an interesting meeting. The G.A.R. members, no doubt, have strong inclinations toward the other hall, where their comrades and lady friends are enjoying the festivities. They are excused from attending to duty here, and may joy fill their hearts while they kindle the camp fires over there! Brother Ford, it will give us great pleasure to accompany you to your home, and talk over the events of other days. Late hours at lodge meetings often keep the faithful wife anxiously waiting to hear the familiar footsteps at the door. But if she be a Daughter of Rebekah, as is Brother Ford's companion, then there is no need of excuses for keeping late hours at lodge, for they "know how it is them-

selves." Brother Ford has to go on with his work this morning. He has kindly invited us to ride in the carriage with him to the station. Here we must part with our brother and friend. We hope soon to meet again.

ABINGTON

is the next station. We will take the 'bus to the Central House. This was called an old town more than a century ago. There is much of historic interest concerning it. There is something significant in the name "Pilgrim Lodge." The hall is on the second street, a little way from the Central House. It is the old school building reconstructed, affording a spacious banquet hall on the first floor, with a beautiful lodge hall and ante-rooms on the second floor. The lodge membership is 70. The brothers are Odd Fellows, good and true. Where have we attended a lodge in a country village where there was nothing especial to call the brothers out, and had the pleasure of taking over one-third of the entire membership by the hand? Brothers Lewis, Nash, Wilbur, Hunt, David, Churchill, Cheesman, Blake, Moore, and Barber, we wish you health, wealth, and prosperity! May the charter of Webster Lodge be handed down through successive generations of members bearing your own names! We bid you good-night; we will leave on the early morning train for

NORTH ABINGTON.

The Culver House is opposite the station. This can rightly be called the rainy season. There has been no let up to light and heavy rain for nearly two weeks. Winthrop Lodge meets to-night. The hall is up the street, near the stores. It is only 6.30 o'clock, and the hall is open. The "boys" seem to be having a gala time. Hear their shouts of laughter! Let us go up and see what it is all about. Yes, they are making preparations to go away. A team has been engaged to take Brothers Hanson, Loud, Pearsons, Young, Judkins, and Smith to East Weymouth, to assist in degree work. It is time for them to start. It gives us pleasure to meet these brothers; but we are greatly disappointed not to have the privilege of sitting with them in open lodge. There is only one way to make it satisfactory,—we will come again February 26, and spend the evening with them. Brothers E. W. Cushing, Geo. P. Hattie, I. P. Nash, and L. H. Hunt have been chosen a committee to make arrangements for a good time. Brother Nash invites us to be his guest at that time. We will not say good-by to the brothers, as we expect to meet them again very soon. There is another part of Abington, that was formerly called the East Village. We take the train over the branch road this morning and ride one mile to the stirring village of

ROCKLAND.

We see not many rocks here, but well laid out streets, large, handsome brick and wooden blocks. Business of various kinds is engaged in by men and women of enterprise and capital. Everything about the village is new and attractive. Standish Lodge occupies a prominent place among the social and fraternal organizations. We will walk about town and make the acquaintance of some of the brothers. L. W. Easton is in the drug-store. Here are Brothers Barry, Gifford, Beals, Marles, and Wade. Let us return to Hotel Jackson and rest until evening. Here is Brother Fred S. Childs, of Natick. He gives us a good account of the lodge at that place. This is a fine hall. The banquet hall looks as if the boys had been earnestly discussing the good things of life, and no one had been in since their departure, in the "wee, sma'" hours of night. Brothers Damon and Cooper can give us a full account of the affair, if we desire to hear their story. Brothers Brooks, Horne, and Hunt tell them to "go on." It is time to open the lodge. The boys are expressing pleasure because there is no work or business to make a long session. It is early to bed with them to-night.

We will continue on the branch road this morning and make

HANOVER,

generally called the "Four Corners." We are pretty well out in the country now. The gentlemanly conductor is doing us a kind favor by showing us the way to the public house. Our landlord is Brother J. G. Knight, a veteran member of Tremont Lodge, Boston. We will try to make our way to that large building. Brother Charles D. Barnard has a harness-shop upstairs. He has experienced some of the physical misfortunes which come to man as well as those who have seen more years than he. We were told by the brothers of Winthrop Lodge that the members of North River Lodge are noted for their punctual attendance at the weekly meetings. No matter what the condition of the weather, they come from the east, west, north, and south, and sit down together, a band of united brothers. This is not much of a night for excursion parties on foot or by team; but there are thirty-five brothers present. Some of them have come three and four miles to exchange pleasant greetings. It is not special business or degree work that has called them out. This is a nice, cosy hall, with ample room for a social sit-down. North River Lodge has one hundred and forty-eight members, and is financially strong and prosperous. I shall deem it a great favor to have the brothers place their auto-

graphs in my book. Brothers E. P. Littlefield, Noble Grand, please place your name on this line. John G. Knight, George H. Bates, W. A. Josselyn, W. A. Howard, E. E. Turner, J. T. Bates, E. C. Waterman, Thomas Bastow, L. T. Harmond, T. A. Lawrence, A. L. Powers. I thank you, brothers, for your signatures. The sight of these will afford me pleasure in years to come. We shall long remember our meeting with the brothers of North Star Lodge. Here are three members of the Order, guests at the hotel: C. F. Drew, Charlestown; C. R. Alger, Cooperstown, N.Y.; A. D. Jaquith, Boston. We will take the train this morning and journey on to

BRIDGEWATER.

I have business which calls me into this section of the State to-day. We will remain in the village overnight and attend the meeting of Pioneer Lodge. F. Dean Swift is the gentleman I wish to call upon. He is employed in the grocery store on the lower street. I was not aware that he was a brother Odd Fellow. As he has done us one good turn, I will ask him to direct us to other brothers. Here are the names on the card he handed you: A. J. Chamberlain, G. W. Pratt, W. M. Carroll, Charles Lee, L. B. Chamberlain. The hall is near the post-office. The lodge is increasing in membership. The hall accommodations

are poor. The question of larger and better quarters has been earnestly discussed by Brothers Moulton, Turner, and Wilbur.

"Just closing up the house, gentlemen; past eleven o'clock." That was the night clerk speaking. It would be hard on us to be shut into the street all night. We need rest to fit us for our journey to-morrow, when we go to

RANDOLPH.

This is quite a busy village. The shoe manufacturing business is dull, so "the boys" say. We will spend the evening with them. Perhaps we may meet some old friend. The hall is down street. The entrance is through this narrow passage, one flight up. It is Rising Star Lodge; George L. Pierce is Noble Grand. The brothers are considering the matter of celebrating the seventy-second anniversary of the introduction of Odd Fellowship into America, April 26th.

Brothers Willard, Stetson, Jones, Houghton, and others have expressed their opinions freely regarding it. We will take the train this morning for Boston, attend to business an hour, and then rest for a season.

How quickly the days have passed! We are again making preparations for another tour. This time it is to spend a quiet Sunday with an old friend, one who in my boyhood days walked the

path of life with me. I invite you, Brother Reader, to accompany me on this trip to a town where there is no Odd Fellows' lodge and not, to my knowledge, any members of the Order residing. We take the train over the Massachusetts Central road from the Boston & Lowell station and ride sixteen miles to the town of

WAYLAND, MASS.

You have heard of different kinds of smiths: black, white, gold, and silver smiths. The Smith I am about to bring to your notice came from away down in the eastern part of Maine, not many miles from where I first beheld the light of day. He is William L. Smith. He can give us valuable information on practical farming. From early boyhood he has tilled the soil. We are nearing the station. Here is the Mr. Smith I have been speaking about. He invites us to a seat in his fine carriage. We have a two-mile drive. Here is the large farm-house. Mrs. Smith has a lunch ready for us in the dining-room. We are now going with our friend and his dog "Sam" for a walk. We will keep our eyes and ears open while Mr. Smith spreads before us the picturesque landscape. Here is a farm of four hundred acres: grass, tillage, wood, and pasture lands. It was once owned by the late Mr. Cushing, of Boston. Later it became the property of Mr. George W.

Perkins, of Brookline, Mass. It is now owned by the ladies who are Mr. Perkins' heirs. On the summit of that hill is the mansion where the ladies and their invited guests spend the summer months. Mr. George Hancock, the man at work in the field, has superintended the farm forty-three years. Mr. Perkins generously remembered him in his will. He is the owner of that large farm adjoining this. Our friend Smith is successor to Mr. Hancock in superintending the farm and looking after the interests of the proprietors of the estate.

We must now part with our friend and away to the station. Mr. Smith says the team will be ready very soon. It will be very pleasant to have his company to the depot. Our next stopping-place is

HUDSON.

The business part of this village is a short distance from the station. The hotel, post-office, and Odd Fellows Hall are within a stone's throw of each other. There are no familiar faces on the street. The hall of Hudson Lodge will be open in fifteen minutes. We have time to walk down the street and return on the opposite side. There is a light in the window. Here are three brothers: E. S. Locke, I. H. Moore, and Fred W. Millay. You have a fine hall here, brothers. How large is the lodge membership? "About one hundred and fifty." Here is the Noble Grand, Fred W. Ware,

and Secretary E. F. Welch. We have the lost Charlie Ross with us and his brother Ernest. Brother F. P. Glazier is the noted dog-fancier. He and George H. Harlow go on some big hunting expeditions. They always send a special invitation to Brothers Powers, Chase, Coolidge, Kinney, Colburn and Holden to accompany them, and are very liberal in their distribution of the game.

There are only five more towns on our list to be visited, and then our journeyings will come to an end.

How pleasing the thought, nearing home. This morning we will go to Boston. Then we can take the 5.30 P.M. train on the Saugus branch at the Eastern station for

CLIFTONDALE.

This is a village in the town of Saugus, a quiet resting-place for people doing business in Boston. There are a few stores and small manufactories. The Odd Fellows Hall of Cliftondale is in the large building up the street. We are just in time to go up the stairs with Brother S. L. Powell. Here is a fine hall with large anterooms, where the brothers can pass their evenings enjoyably. The degree staff is preparing to show us some good work to-night. Here is Brother L. L. DeLaite, secretary. If he has a spare moment he

may favor us with an introduction to Brothers Rowell, A. H. Hayden, D. B. Hatch, A. F. Hill, H. O. Patch, F. W. Feakins, C. F. Fife, and D. H. Carter. We have time to see the work. There are a number of brothers going on the last train.

This is the morning we hail with gladness. To-day we gather up our personal effects and set our faces homeward. We have a few more places to visit along the route. The first is

NEWBURYPORT.

It has been a long, tedious ride. We are in the busy part of the city. The shoe-shops are all running with a large force of employees. "Quasacunquen" Lodge numbers upward of three hundred members. The hall is on the upper street. We will find our way up the long flight of winding stairs. The first brothers to salute us with friendly greetings are S. Warren Frost, Noble Grand, and W. H. Welch. There are a large number of brothers present. The question of better hall accommodations has brought them out. The grand entertainment given the brothers by the members of Mutual Relief Lodge, Haverhill, has fanned the flame of fraternal devotion and created a desire to reciprocate the courtesies shown them. The only hinderance in the way to give the Haverhill brothers a royal recep-

tion is the poor accommodation afforded by their hall. The adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," has removed every stumbling-block, and the committee will see that the wishes of the large majority are carried out. It will be a hard matter for a few brothers to run counter to the plans of such workers as Brothers Morrison, Lord, Littlefield, Cooper, Hollis, Hopkins, Reed, and dozens of equally cool-headed, resolute men. We take those cars this afternoon and ride to

AMESBURY,

the great carriage manufacturing town. I am not at a loss where to find an old brother and friend in this place. We will walk down the street to the large store opposite the railroad station and inquire for John M. Garland. He was head clerk in that store eight years ago. I think he will remember me. The young man at the desk says, "Mr. Garland is upstairs in the packing-room." He smiles as we approach him. What does he say? "It is the Veteran Past Grand, editor of the 'Odd Fellows' Register.'"—"You are right in part, my brother, I am the ex-editor. Brother Garland, where can we find comfortable quarters for the night? We are here to visit Pow-Wow River Lodge."—"You will find excellent accommodations at Mrs. Carswell's house on the opposite side of the street." Mrs. Carswell is an

estimable lady. Mr. Carswell, the doctor, is an aged gentleman, the subject of disease. He is an ancient Odd Fellow. We are really fortunate in getting into such a home-like place. The lodge hall is in the building near the mills. It is the same as when I visited the lodge years ago. Here are Brothers Randall, Curtis, Gibson, and Webb. Brother Garland will officiate as Degree Master. We will return and call upon some of the brothers about town in the morning. Perhaps we may obtain permission to look into some of the large carriage-shops. Here is Brother S. H. Wiggin's hair-dressing rooms. He will give us a list of names of brothers to call upon: G. H. Pettengill, C. W. Allen, C. F. Camp, W. N. Park, C. L. Kelley, N. O. Sawyer, G. W. Crouther, Henry Oaks. We will now go to the electric-car station and start for

MERRIMAC.

It is quite a long ride, but we are travelling nearly as fast as by steam. There are but few stations along the route. We will call at this harness-shop and inquire for D. W. Gould. The man at the cutting-bench answers to that name. Glad we have found a brother and friend. He desires us to go to the large carriage manufactory shops and inquire for the Pease Brothers. There are three of them, all members of Riverside Lodge.

Brother Gould will go and introduce us to the proprietors of the establishment of James, Frank, and John T. Pease. One of the brothers volunteers to show us through the shop and allow us to interview the workmen. Many of them are members of the Order. Here are Brothers Cunningham, Sawyer, Smith, Crouse, Davis, George Crouse, Burke, and Follansbee. We will go to the restaurant and have supper. It is over one hour before the lodge opens. Mr. Hill is at work in the harness shop. I used to be acquainted with him years ago in Skowhegan, Me. We will have a social chat. The lodge hall is in the large block on the street below the post-office. There are quite a number of brothers present. Many of them we have not met in the shops. Here are the Pease Brothers. We are glad to meet you again; also Brothers McDonald, Wells, Stevens, Tuckerwell, Cummings, and Williams. We have passed a pleasant evening among you. Hope to come and see you again. Brother W. W. Chose invited us to go home with him and spend the night. Good-night, brothers!

To-day we reach the end of our long journey, after we have spent one more evening among the brothers at

GEORGETOWN.

Here we are in a smart shoe manufacturing town, among wide-awake Odd Fellows. I well

remember my first visit to this place, in 1882. The hall of Protection Lodge is the same as when I met with the brothers at that time. We had better rest at the hotel until the hall is open. Here are Brothers Perley, Smith, Howe, Prescott, Tilton, Metcalf, Hall, and Bailey. This is one of the finest halls in the State. Do you notice the beautiful wall decorations and oil paintings? Here all the lessons of the ritual are vividly portrayed. We would be pleased to meet with the brothers when there are a large number present, and will make it a point to do so at some future time. We will make some calls at the shoe-shops this morning and speak with Brother J. E. Bailey, proprietor. He is very kind in permitting us to converse with Brothers Daniels and Charles J. Bailey. He says, "There are a number of brothers in the shop on the opposite side of the street. Inquire for J. L. Huntington." He will show us Brothers Fairbrother, Wiley, Peaks, Seates, Corwins, Palmer, White, and Batchelder.

The expected moment has arrived. We will hasten on board the train, and in the words of the poet say, "Fly swift around, ye wheel of time, and bring the welcome day!" How rapidly we are passing the stations along the route! We are at the Scarboro' crossing. Now the Maine General Hospital and the high grounds of Bramhall come fully to view. We are entering the Union station. Horse-cars to the city. Down Congress, Middle,

Pearl, and Commercial street, and we are on board the steamer upon the smooth waters in Portland harbor.

Brother Reader, I invite you to take a stroll with me to-day. We will go to the city. I will introduce you to some of my newspaper acquaintances. First we will call at the office of the "Portland Daily Press." In years past I have been pleasantly connected with the paper as reporter and correspondent. Allow me to introduce you to Messrs. Cobb, Wade, Hinds, and Fassett, of the editorial staff; Mr. Nutter and Mr. Morton, business managers and book-keepers; and Mr. George H. Lefavor, foreman of the composing-room. You will find them all gentlemanly, obliging newspaper-makers. In this office are Messrs. Osgood, Barrows, and Melvin, of the "Argus" editorial staff. On Market street is the "Sunday Times" office. This is Mr. Giles O. Bailey, the editor. This gentleman at the desk is Mr. Robert Rexdale, Portland's gifted poet, local editor of the "Times."

At the post-office I will introduce you to Hon. Herbert G. Briggs, postmaster, and Leroy S. Sanborn, Esq., chief clerk. Down on Exchange street is the office of the "Odd Fellows' Register." We will ascend the stairs and speak with Mr. T. D. Sale, the editor and proprietor.

You will enjoy a sail this beautiful day in the harbor on the steam-ferry "Cornelia H." The

boat is ready to start. The landing on the opposite side of the harbor is

SOUTH PORTLAND.

A short walk up the street, and we will find a comfortable resting-place at the office of the "Cape Elizabeth Sentinel," edited and published by Harford Brothers. Here is my old friend John Henry. He is busy reading proof and making up the form. Brother Harford, allow me to introduce you to Brother Reader, my old travelling companion. He desires to look about your village, to enter Castle Hall, and see where the K.P. and I.O.O.F. boys hold their weekly assemblies. We have some time to remain here before returning to the city. I will introduce you to some of the brothers of Elizabeth City Lodge. There are a number of them doing business on the street. Here are Brothers Knight, Hoes, Spear, Turrell, J. O. Smith, Cole, March, Kemp, and Willard. Let us walk up the road, over the hill, and visit that part of the town called

WILLARD.

Here we will meet men who may exhibit a rough, unseemly exterior, but possess a good, true heart within. They go down to the sea in small boats, and not infrequently get in return for days

and nights of hard labor the fishermen's luck. Here are some of them just landing at the shore. Let us see how many little and big fishes they have caught. Here are Henry, Jedediah, Samuel, Elijah, and George Loviett, and Allen Cole. This is the Loviett District. Mr. Simonton keeps the store and post-office. We will keep the shore road down to the ferry-landing, and return to the city.

This is a fine morning. I will procure a team, that we may enjoy a drive to Knightville, Turner's Island, Ligonia, and the Rolling Mills. We have a grand view from Brainhall and Munjoy.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

Here, Brother Reader, I cannot better express my feelings than in the words of the poet when I clasp your friendly hand: —

"When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sun-
shine through,

It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

"It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,
And you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to
say,

When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

"Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter cross; but a good world after all.
And a good God must have made it — leastways that's what I
say,
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

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